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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Extinction of the War Correspondent.

Some one remarked the other day that the war correspondent seems to have become extinct, and, judging by recent events, the remark is very true. Since the Russo-Japanese war began there has appeared in the world's newspapers little of importance beyond what the War Offices at St. Petersburg and Tokio have been willing to give out. This, and a swarm of impossible rumours from Chefoo, Shanghai and Tien-Tsin, represented the sum-total of newspaper information down to the battle of Liao-yang. Early in the war, the London *Times* got some interesting naval news by wireless telegraphy. For the rest, the world has had to go without the definite and detailed information which has been given by the press in all the wars of the past century. And yet the present war is one of the greatest and most momentous in history, while its tremendous battles, fought under absolutely new conditions, afford opportunities for description of the most thrilling sort. Of course it may be said that both Russians and Japanese at first practically ruled out the war correspondent, treating him with unusual politeness, but shutting him up in some remote place miles away from the front and absolutely forbidding him to see or hear anything of what is going on. This, of course, was true; but this is just the reason why a more robust and more enterprising set of newspaper owners would have been stimulated to achieve the seemingly impossible. As a matter of fact, nothing of this sort is really impossible; and we find it astonishing that no great newspaper genius has risen to the height of the occasion and won new laurels for the press. Money alone, however lavishly expended, would not do it. Audacity alone would not succeed. Intelligence alone would fail. But a union of money, audacity, and intelligence could accomplish anything, and in particular could outwit and baffle even the arrogant Russians and the imperturbable Japanese.

Naturally it is from the American press that one looks for such a "beat" as this, for it is in the representatives of the American press alone that the combination just described has hitherto been found. But the chiefs of our newspapers have made the fatal mistake of not understanding the nature of the problem set before them. They have got together a lot of men who might be trusted to write well of what they should see—novelists, magazine contributors, clever reporters—but these are not the sort of men fitted by training and experience to fight their way to news in the teeth of heart-breaking discouragement. There is Mr. Richard Harding Davis, for example, who was sent out to report the war from the Japanese end. Now there is no one who could tell of battles more picturesquely than Mr. Davis, if he ever happened to see any. But Mr. Davis as a correspondent has always been accustomed to conditions that would have befitted the ambassador of a king. He has carried letters which gave him a box-seat at every performance; and in Greece, in Cuba, and

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in South Africa he has pleasantly viewed the fray, clad, as it were, in a frock coat, with a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole, and having a deft attendant near by to sustain and comfort him with *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches and a pint of dry Sillery. When he struck Japan, however, he found that his "pull" was non-existent. And so he settled down in Tokio and wrote little letters about the tea-gardens, and the geishas, and all that sort of thing. The letters were real cute and cunning, but from a "war" correspondent they were just the least bit conducive to laughter. Lately he and Mr. John Fox, another novelist, have returned in disgust because General Kuroki would not let them come nearer to a battle than eight miles. If they had known more about such things they would have understood that eight miles is a very short distance in these days, when high-power guns carry eleven miles or more. And then there is Mr. Jack London, who was sent out partly because he writes well, and partly because he knows how to rough it. But he certainly doesn't know anything about the business of a war-correspondent; and so after getting himself arrested for taking views of a fort, he subsided and spent his time having himself photographed in various arrangements—Jack London and his Guide, Jack London and his Pony, Jack London, his Guide and Pony, and Jack London *tout seul,* musing. This was funny at first; but it became a bore after a while and then there settled down a great calm during which Jack London disappeared.

Our newspapers have probably wasted hundreds of thousands of dollars in the last six months without anything worth while to show for all this outlay. What they wanted was a second Stanley or a MacGahan, who would be sent out with unlimited credit and a terse order such as Bennett gave the former. "Find Livingstone," said Bennett. "When can you start?" "In an hour," replied Stanley. That was all. There were no directions as to how the work was to be done. It simply *was* to be done, and Stanley did it in his own way. Most of the men detailed by American newspapers for this war work have apparently never been out of the United States before. They know nothing of foreign countries, of foreign languages, or of foreign customs. Take, for instance, one of the "war correspondents" on *Leslie's Weekly.* He was supposed to go to Manchuria, but at last accounts he had settled down in Berlin whence he sends his paper stereotyped stories about the Kaiser, and *naïf* reports of the discoveries which he himself has made in Germany. Thus, he has found out that the King of Saxony, and the King of Württemberg, and the Grand Duke of Baden maintain courts of their own. This bright correspondent never knew this before. He had always supposed that the only court in Germany was the imperial court in Berlin. He tells his readers this with the greatest simplicity—a simplicity, in fact, which has a real charm of its own. But fancy sending out such an unsophisticated soul to baffle censors, evade the vigilance of provost-marshals, and run the gauntlet of Cossack outposts, sentries, and scouts!

An American newspaper proprietor who really knew his business would have recognised from the first that this war is unlike any other that has ever taken place. He would not have chosen an American to do the special work in the field, for all Americans are suspicious characters to Russians at the present time. He would rather have sought in Paris for a Russian-speaking Frenchman—one of those daredevil types that love adventure and to whom danger is the very breath of their nostrils. Such a man, provided with ample funds in gold and notes, and with the promise of a great reward, could have got beyond the screen which veiled the Russian operations. Between bribery—which is a Russian cult—and audacity, he would have got to see with his own keen eyes just what is going on; and then, making his way to some neutral port, he would have given to the world a series of vivid pictures of camp and field such as would have made his newspaper famous over the whole world. To perform a like feat on the Japanese side is much less feasible, for the Japanese are less open to bribes; yet by employing clever Chinese assistants, enough could at least be learned to dispel the mystery in which Tokio envelopes alike the losses and the victories of Japan. If the war shall end without some brilliant feat like this, then

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he press of the world, and especially the press of the United States, will suffer n prestige and will have to sit down to a azy and inglorious contentment with the ecord of its greater and more energetic ast. So far, the New York *Times* is he only American newspaper to accomplish anything at all.

Newspaper Head-lines.

Among the many variations on that famous saying of old Fletcher of Saltoun, there ought to be one which should read: "I care not who makes the history of a nation if only I may write the head-lines of its newspapers." The newspaper head-line, in fact, has a more immediately powerful effect on public opinion than the elaborate editorial articles. The head-line strikes you in the eye the moment you pick up the paper, and its bold assertion can not be dodged. You may never read the editorials and a great many persons skip the news reports; but everybody has to read the head-lines. And so the individual who composes them has the power to disseminate impressions which are often quite at variance with the facts as printed in smaller type below. Since the Russo-Japanese war began, the American press has teemed with this sort of misrepresentation. As American sympathy has been mainly on the side of Japan, the head-line writer has catered to this feeling more unscrupulously. All the huge scareheads have been devoted to Japanese successes and Russian disasters. Russian successes and Japanese disasters are either unnoticed or recorded in the smallest kind of type. Thus, early in the war,

THE AUTHORS OF "THE AFFAIR AT THE INN."
Standing is Miss Charlotte Stewart; seated are the Findlater sisters and Kate Douglass Wiggin.

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one might read at a distance of fifty paces such a heading as "Russian Cavalry Routed!" Any one would suppose that Rennenkampf's whole brigade of Cossacks had been annihilated; yet the actual report given below would say: "A sotnia of Cossacks was repulsed last night near Wiju." Now a sotnia of Cossacks numbers just forty men; yet the casual reader, remembering the portentous head-line, would shake his head gravely and begin to think that the Czar's imperial throne was already tottering. Again, when the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* was sunk by a mine, the news was fairly screamed in all the head-lines; but when a Japanese battleship of equal size was sunk in precisely the same way, many of our newspapers did not put the announcement at the head of their war columns at all. Port Arthur has fallen (in large type) at least twenty-two times in three months, according to the American press. The garrison's actual repulse of the Japanese with terrible slaughter is tucked away in a small paragraph somewhere on the second page. The most glaring instance of this sort of thing was to be noted lately in the *New York Times*, which in its head-lines proclaimed erroneously that Kuropatkin was Cut Off; whereas the cablegram from Tokio printed just below declared that "the latest official Japanese dispatches say that neither side has gained any appreciable advantage."

It was the same way at the time of the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. All the head-lines in our newspapers rang the changes on the absolute innocence of Dreyfus, and in this case the news editors garbled or suppressed the actual testimony so as to make it practically unintelligible except when it seemed to favor Dreyfus. Now, putting aside any question of ethics, this sort of thing is very bad journalism. The very first and last aim of the journalist should be to collect and publish the facts precisely as they are, without bias and without favor, leaving the editorial writers to juggle with them or interpret them according to the policy of the paper. It is here that our papers have a great deal to learn from their English contemporaries. In England, as here, public sympathy was strongly enlisted on behalf of Dreyfus, just as it is now almost passionately pro-Japanese. Yet the English newspapers do not deceive their readers by falsely sensational head-lines. They announce the facts, so far as they know them, with absolute impartiality, whether at the moment these facts are pleasing or displeasing. We wonder how long it will take American newspaper men to learn that in the long run honest journalism is not only the best, but also the most successful.

The Late Col. Ingraham.

Prentiss Ingraham, who died a few weeks ago, was probably the very best example of that class of extraordinary writers which is the subject of Mr. Jenks's article in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. Colonel Ingraham did not turn his hand to literary work until 1870. Since that time he has produced over six hundred novels, besides writing a dozen plays and a large number of short stories and poems. It is very evident that his methods of composition were not exactly those of Gustave Flaubert, and the extraordinary side of his work is of a nature that appeals to the statistician rather than to the literary critic. The columns of literary periodicals tell us of the four-in-hand novelists who keep three or four serials going at the same time and may be relied on for as many novels each year. But what are these compared to Colonel Ingraham and the fellow workers in his field? Even the light of the Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady must pale into comparative insignificance when we think of the men who are good for a seventy thousand word novel in a week, or who turn out thirty-five thousand words of lurid sensation at one sitting. Colonel Ingraham belonged to this race of giants.

People may fleer at the sort of literary production of which Prentiss Ingraham was a leading representative, but the fact remains that very few men have been so well equipped for writing through actual experience. He had studied medicine. He had fought in the War of Secession. He had served under Juarez in Mexico and had fought for Austria in the war with Prussia, and after that was over had continued fighting in Crete and in Africa. He had travelled extensively through the

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East and had served afloat and ashore in the Cuban ten years' war for independence with the ranks of Captain of the Navy and Colonel of Cavalry. He was tried as a Filibuster, and after being condemned to death by the Spaniards, made his escape. In fact, before he was thirty years of age he had lived a life of as varied adventure as any hero to be found in the pages of Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

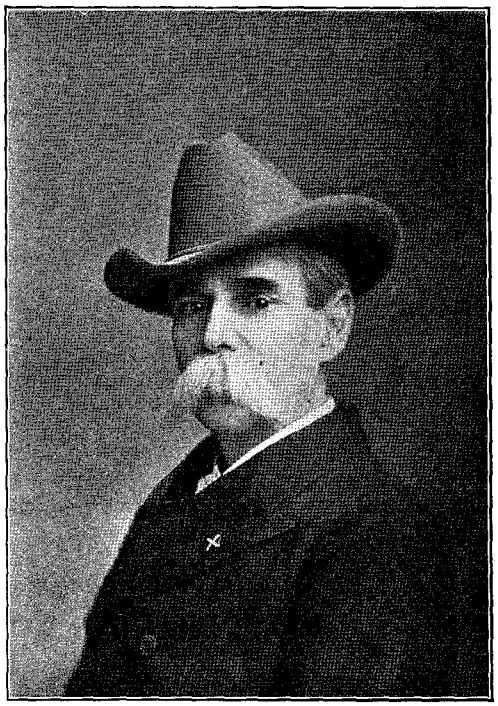
Morals of Adventure Stories.

Mr. Jenks's cheerful view of sensational juvenilia in his article is in marked contrast to Mr. Arnold Smith's lamentations in a recent number of the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Smith's paper on "The Ethics of Sensational Fiction" is an arraignment of blood and thunder in all their forms.

"It is a little difficult, he says, for the uninitiated to comprehend why the breach of the sixth commandment should be considered in England not only venial but laudable; and the breach of the seventh both admirable and praiseworthy in France; while both nations unite in decrying offences against the other nine; the ways of popular morality are strange!"

G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER.

Mr. Paternoster's "The Motor Pirate" was reviewed in the last number of THE BOOKMAN.



PRENTISS INGRAHAM

And as to boys' books, he adds:

"The slaughter which takes place in juvenile fiction is enormous; we do not see its consequences; the weeping mothers, the heart-broken wives, the orphaned children, the brutalisation of human nature; these are sentimental details which must not be protruded on the mind of healthy boyhood. . . . . Now what does all this amount to from the ethical point of view? Every boy is a latent savage—the novelist appeals to his savagery; he has a taste for bloodshed derived from countless generations of savage ancestors—the novelist deliberately cultivates it; he is naturally reckless of life—the novelist teaches him that this recklessness is honourable and manly; he wishes to lead an active life—the novelist tells him that in the career of the soldier or the sailor lies the only way to glory."

There is much more to this effect. The writer follows the *a priori* method all through. He does not look around for signs that youth is brutalised. He assumes that it ought to be from what it reads. He does not try to show that there has been a relative increase in sanguinary fiction in proportion to the number of readers or to the birth rate. He assumes that increase. He does not men-

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tion any of these brutalising writers or make any distinctions or exceptions. Detective stories, stories of adventure or bloodshed, all are lumped together as injurious *per se*. He condemns books for qualities that they have in common with the *Iliad*, wherein "the slaughter is enormous," nor does Homer often make us see "the weeping mothers, the heart-broken wives." The most red-handed Indian slayer is not a whit more guilty than *The Three Musketeers*. And why draw the line at *Si Slocum, or Life on the Border*, when at a still more plastic period we were reading *Jack the Giant-Killer?* As a matter of fact, the harm is done back in the cradle. For our part we can trace our murderous instincts to a New England version of that awful Scotch nursery rhyme, *Lord Ronald*—

What will ye leave grandma, Taranty my son.
What will ye leave grandma, my own little one.
A rope for to hang her.
Mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm sick at the heart
And fain would lie down.

After that, dime novels could have had only a softening effect. Writers on the sheer ethics of current fiction, apart from any question of literary merit, seldom realise what a Herculean task their logic imposes on them.

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Mr. Chesterton's Series.

Mr. Chesterton's series of little stories, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* under the title of *The Club of Queer Trades* will not propitiate those critics who on reading *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* deliberately decided that there was nothing in it. In the later stories there is even more of a set purpose to surprise the reader. The main defect in Mr. Chesterton's recent writings is that air of having made up his mind to be preposterous. When he is naturally and spontaneously preposterous, as often happens, he is delightful; but we hate to see him toiling to that end. Two men are engaged in an amicable discussion of Darwinism when suddenly one of them knocks the other down and sits on him. The discussion is then calmly resumed from the precise point at which it was interrupted by the scuffle. A gentleman gives his address as "The Elms, Buxton Common," which is found to be a bit of uninhabited moorland, but on climbing an elm tree they find him living in a cottage at the top. Major Brown, who has a mania for planting pansies, leaps upon a wall and sees a pansy bed laid out in huge letters, which spell, "Death to Major Brown." It is the method of contrasts and becomes tiresome if prolonged. Any honest friend of Mr. Chesterton will own to a little weariness now and then. But the people who see nothing in him and write disparagingly of the "Chesterton fad," like a certain doughty London critic, who has steadily maintained that Mr. Chesterton has written nothing worth reading, simply mistake their own misfortune for his fault. They will be found upon examination to have a hole in their minds—the same kind of a hole, though not so big a one, as we find in people who do not like *Alice in Wonderland*. The comments on Mr. Chesterton are like the comments on Mr. Henry James. At one extreme are the *gobemouches*, who like the worst as well as the best; at the other the incomplete, who are unable to feel anything at all and are proud of their temperamental deficit.

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The Drama.

An English writer on the theatre annihilates his own profession in these frank remarks:

"If a man criticises one kind of ill done thing exclusively, he will inevitably, in course of time, lower his standard. Seeing nothing good, he will gradually forget what goodness is, and will accept as good that which is least bad. For five years or so I, myself, have been criticising, week by week, the British drama. Gentle readers, valuing my opinion, often go to see this or that play on my recommendation; after which they wonder how heavily I was bribed. But let me assure them, I was quite upright and sincere, having long ago forgotten what constitutes really fine drama."

If his standard were not lowered, there would still be some difficulty in applying it to the ordinary play, which is a social affair quite different in kind as well as in intention from the "really fine drama." When you see the plays of Mr. Jones, Mr. Carton, Mr. Fitch and Mr. Harding Davis, do you forget Shakespeare and Molière? If you do, you may thank your stars for that sweet oblivion. It is the day of small things,

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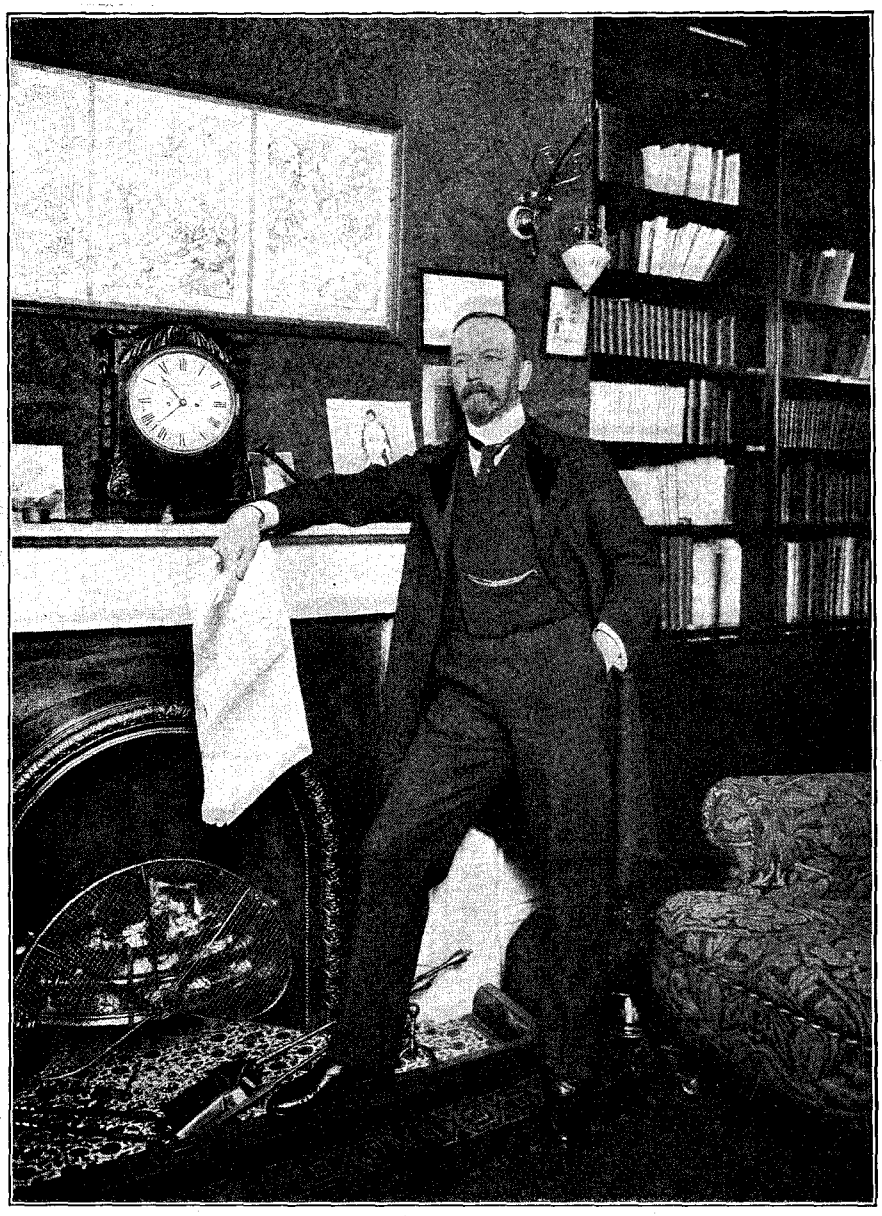

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

A propos of Mr. Jones's recent play "The Chevaleer," London *Truth*, recently summed up the system of the Jones play as follows: In Act I take a young married couple, who quarrel about nothing; stir in a friend of the family, strain off the husband, and serve up the residue in an inn at night. In Act II the wife, of course, must be vastly concerned lest her husband should discover that nothing happened at the inn, and so she spends her time placating the people, who, as she thinks, have discovered her indiscretion or persuaded them to swear that she was somewhere else. In Act III all is put right on the basis of nobody telling anyone anything, for the husband also has something to conceal, and the barque of matrimony once more sails serenely down the stream.

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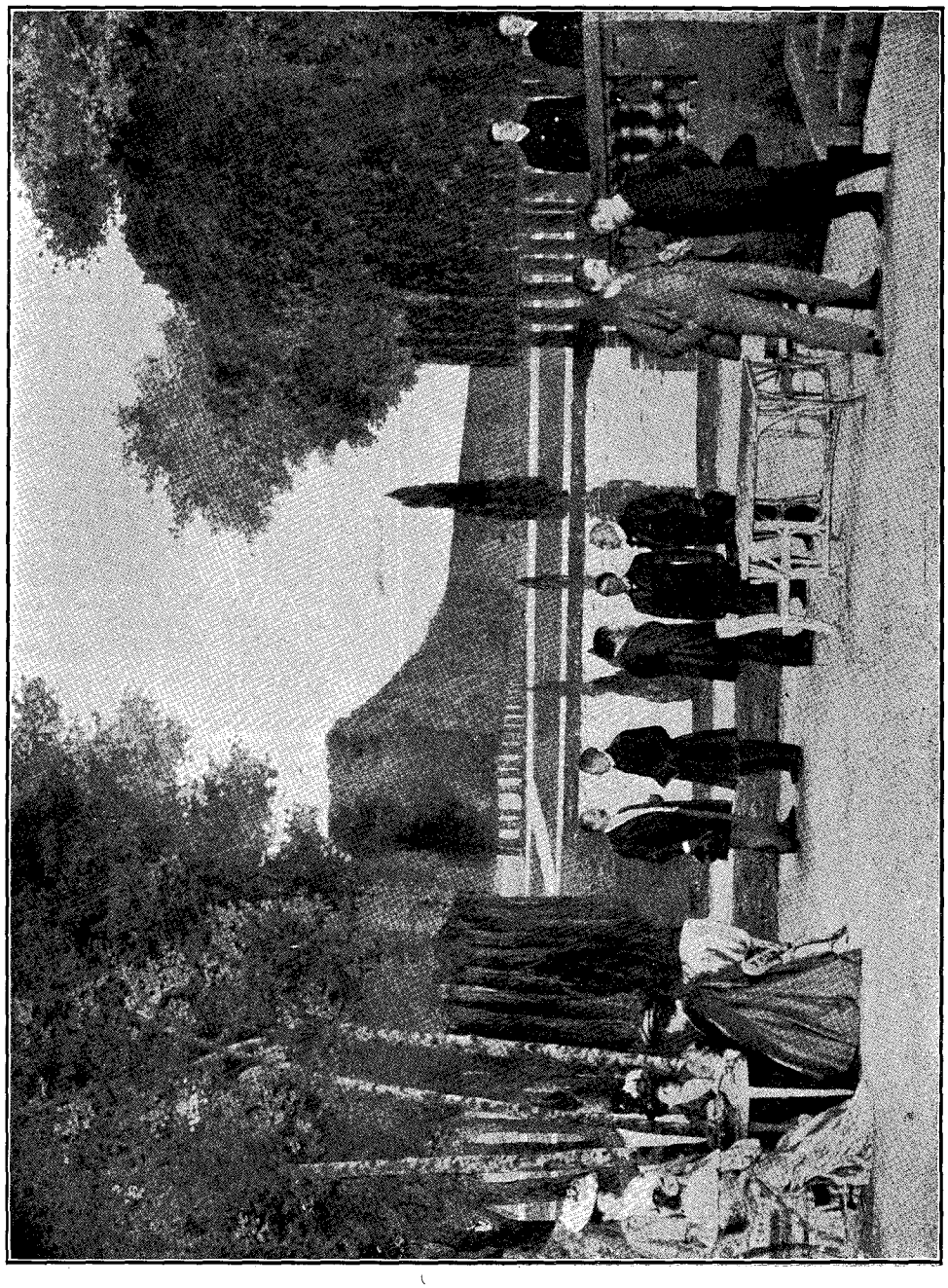

OCTAVE MIRBEAU'S "LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES," AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

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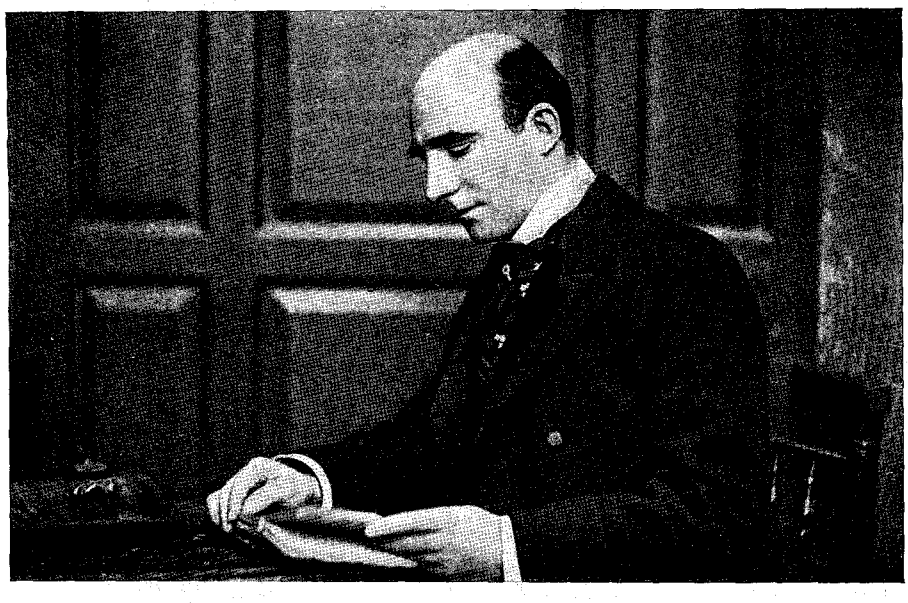

ARTHUR W. PINERO.
Mr. Pinero's "Letty" will be reviewed in the next number of THE BOOKMAN.

the small things have their differences
be measured by their own small scale.
e should be philosopher enough to
l an interest in what the people are
to, *quidquid agunt homines,* and an
ifferent play is still a human product—
artifact as the authropologists say.
r our part, when we saw Mr. Davis's
ctator, which has been put on again in
ew York, we never even dreamt of
hat constitutes the really fine drama."
or did anyone else. If we say it was
od nobody will misunderstand us. It
ans "good" for Mr. Davis *et al.,* good
things go, rather better than might
ve been expected in the routine of the
ge.

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ne Duke of Illicrankie.

Captain Marshall's new play was one the successes of the last London season and was the best of the plays with which the season opened in New York. To any one who is not embittered by emories of "what constitutes the really ne drama" it will offer an innocent and greeable way of spending an evening. the London and New York critics have emed to say more for it than that, it is cause they are accustomed to much orse things. The author calls it a "farcical romance"—farcical because the characters are meant to be unconsciously absurd; romance because a duke kidnaps the woman he loves and detains her in a mediæval castle along with a chaperone (whom he also kidnaps for the sake of the proprieties) until she promises to marry him. There are good situations in it and excellent chances for a light and fanciful treatment. Captain Marshall's fancy is not so heavy as Mr. Jones's or so aerial as Mr. Barrie's. It is a middle-weight British fancy, somewhat frugal in its habits and not very surprising in its results. *The Duke of Killicrankie* keeps its audience interested and smiling, and you smile, too, unless you are peculiar. Later, you will feel a little old and jaded if you recall what you were smiling at, so it is unwise to recall it. The play is at least amusing for the moment; the dialogue is almost witty; the humour is only half forced; the comic situations are not inordinately prolonged. Hence it is entitled to high rank among current plays and to honourable mention in the history of the recent drama.

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Reference has been made in the newspapers to its sparkling dialogue. Let us illustrate: "Once a widow, always cautious," was a *mot* that caught the

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fancy of the audience. Another was the retort of one of the characters when the duke called him a fool—"Birds of a feather flock together,—and here we are." A third was the duke's remark that the only sign of intelligence in the House of Commons was that members would not listen to one another's speeches. In fact, it is appalling to think how flat the lines would have fallen at the hands of a less capable cast. Mr. Gottschalk made a really amusing character out of the most scanty materials. John Drew was the only one who did not rise above the occasion. John Drew approaches every new part with a closed mind. If there are things in it that he is used to doing he will continue to do them. That is all. His fixity has become so much a matter of course to playgoers that they know in advance all about any character that is to be played by John Drew. They are never disappointed, because he always plays up to the clothes he has on. He was once suspected of latent power, but for years every one has been quite hopeless, regarding it as a sort of gentlemanly petrifaction. Even the critics have ceased to nag him, knowing that it is of no use. They say, "John Drew gave, as usual, a highly finished rendering," as one might say of a Staten Island ferry-boat that it is running as nicely as last year.

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The Old, Old Humbug.

Time and time again all the heavy artillery of ridicule has been concentrated on the people who come forward in print to select and defend what they consider the twenty-five or the fifty or the one hundred best books. But it has been of little or no avail. People like to read these lists, and to disagree with them, and in consequence they will be compiled as long as ink and paper are available. All these lists are more or less insincere, but we can recall none that has been more absurd than that which was published a few weeks ago from the pen of the Reverend Thomas B. Gregory. We haven't the least idea who the Reverend Mr. Gregory is, but we append his extraordinary list of what he considers to be the twenty-five best works of fiction.

"Don Quixote"—Cervantes.
"Les Miserables"—Victor Hugo.
"Tristram Shandy"—Sterne.
"The Vicar of Wakefield"—Goldsmith.
"Pilgrim's Progress"—Bunyan.
"Paul and Virginia"—St. Pierre.
"Robinson Crusoe"—De Foe.
"The Wandering Jew"—Eugene Sue.
"Gulliver's Travels"—Swift.
"Gil Blas"—Le Sage.
"Pride and Prejudice"—Austen.
"Ten Thousand a Year"—Warren.
"Old Mortality"—Scott.
"Ivanhoe"—Scott.
"David Copperfield"—Dickens.
"Jane Eyre"—Charlotte Brontë.
"Daniel Deronda"—George Eliot.
"Vanity Fair"—Thackeray.
"On the Heights"—Auerbach.
"War and Peace"—Tolstoi.
"Last Days of Pompeii"—Bulwer.
"Le Père Goriot"—Balzac.
"The Scarlet Letter"—Hawthorne.
"Ben Hur"—Wallace.
"The Leopard's Spots"—Dixon.

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A casual examination of the above l leads us to the conviction that the Re erend Mr. Gregory, while not sincere, l lieves profoundly in his own sinceri His selection of *The Leopard's Spots* one of the twenty-five great masterpiec in the world's fiction is a conclusive pro of honesty. We believe that he has re Mr. Dixon's book and understands although we have our doubts as to h having read and understood some of t other books that he includes in his li As there is a probability of many oth people taking Mr. Gregory's word as the greatness of *The Leopard's Spot* we take this opportunity of telling hi that the book is not one of the world twenty-five masterpieces of fiction, b only an interesting, glorified dime nov containing a number of truths rathe clumsily set forth. We are not arguin with the Reverend Mr. Gregory. We a telling him. We further offer to hi and to his readers the gratuitous informa tion that *Ben Hur, The Last Days o Pompeii,* and *Ten Thousand a Yea* while books of undoubted entertainmer do not belong to the world's great litera ture.

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The Reverend Mr. Gregory furthe tells us that a great many of his reader have compiled lists of their own whic prove conclusively that the universa

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MISS EDITH RICKERT.

Miss Rickert, author of "The Reaper," was born at Canal Dover, Ohio, in 1871. She received the egree of A. B. with "honors" at Vassar College, in 1891, and Ph. D., *magna cum laude* at the niversity of Chicago, in 1899, being the first woman to receive that qualification for work done in English terature and philology. She taught three years in the Lyons Township High School, Ills., and two years in ne Hyde Park School, Chicago, at the same time studying at the University of Chicago. She studied and ravelled abroad in Germany, France and England, 1896-97, sending special correspondence to a Chicago paper. While in England she wrote several short stories which appeared in various magazines. From 1897 to 1900 he was an instructor of English at Vassar while completing the work for her degree. Since 1900 she has ved abroad, chiefly in England, with intervals of travel in Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Scotland. and ne Shetland Islands, where the scene of "The Reaper" is laid.

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favourites are *Don Quixote, The Pilgrim's Progress, Ivanhoe,* and *Les Miserables.*

Don Quixote, he says, is clearly the most popular book in the realm of fiction, leading all the others by a good long stretch. This Mr. Gregory thinks is a matter for great rejoicing, since Cervantes' immortal book is the most thrillingly interesting work of fiction on earth. "It makes us laugh and it makes us cry as no other book does, and, read in the light of Heine's matchless essay upon its chief character, it touches the noblest chord of our being and inspires us with the most noble enthusiasm." Fudge, fiddlesticks, and humbug! Of course, *Don Quixote* is one of the finest works of fiction in any language. We are not questioning that. But we question very forcibly whether one out of twenty of Mr. Gregory's readers have ever read from cover to cover the book for which they profess such ardent affection. They put it down in their lists because they have been told that it is a great work, and because in matters of literary likes and dislikes most people seem utterly incapable of self-analysis. We are not directing our remarks to Mr. Gregory's readers exclusively, for we think that the same might with justice be said of nineteen out of every twenty fairly well read persons in the United States. If people could only be induced to compile these lists of the novels they like best with absolute and self-analytical sincerity the Don Quixotes and the Tristram Shandys would be found on comparatively few of the lists. Then we might expect compilations somewhat as follows:

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Anthony Hope.
"Soldiers of Fortune"—Richard Harding Davis.
"Van Bibber"—Richard Harding Davis.
"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"—Conan Doyle.
"The Leavenworth Case"—Anna Katharine Green.
"The Honourable Peter Stirling"—Paul Leicester Ford.
"Trilby"—George de Maurier.
"The Little Minister"—J. M. Barrie.
"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"—Ian Maclaren.
"Ships That Pass in the Night"—Beatrice Harraden.
"David Harum"—Edward Noyes West
"The Kentucky Cardinal"—James I Allen.
"St. Elmo"—Augusta Evans Wilson.
"She"—Rider Haggard.
"Robert Elsmere"—Mrs. Humphry W
"Mr. Barnes of New York"—Archi Clavering Gunter.
"Mr. Potter of Texas"—Archibald Cla ing Gunter.
"The Elsie Books"—Martha Finley.
"Chimmie Fadden"—Edward W. Towns
"Mr. Dooley in War and Peace"—Pete Dunne.
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—A Hegan-Rice.
"The Abbe Constantin"—Ludovic Halev
"The Right of Way"—Gilbert Parker.
"The Romance of Two Worlds"—M Corelli.
"The Light That Failed"—Rudyard Kipl

This, in our opinion, would be a sample list. It would contain no ment of Homer's *Odyssey* or of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* to which we know the gr majority of readers turn for divers and relaxation, but it would be fai honest.

"As Rome Done."

It is said that the Hon. Henry Ga oway Davis's speech of acceptance w judiciously edited bef being given to the pre with a view to smoothi out its little eccentricit of syntax. Some wick Republican papers declare that M Davis, waxing eloquent over the dange of imperialism, cried out appealingl "Don't let us do as Athens done! Do let us do as Rome done!" If this be tru Mr. Davis had at least good Republic precedent for it. The confusion of t participle with the imperfect indicati was a linguistic ear-mark of General Jol A. Logan, who was Mr. Blaine's runnir mate in 1884. We can recall one tr mendous burst of his eloquence, whic consisted of a series of climaxes. Gener Logan was enumerating the great polit cal deeds of the preceding ten years, an after setting forth each one in glowin colours, he would pause and say in thrilling crescendo: "And, feller citizen who done it? *Who* done it? Feller cit zens, *we* done it! The Republican part done it!"

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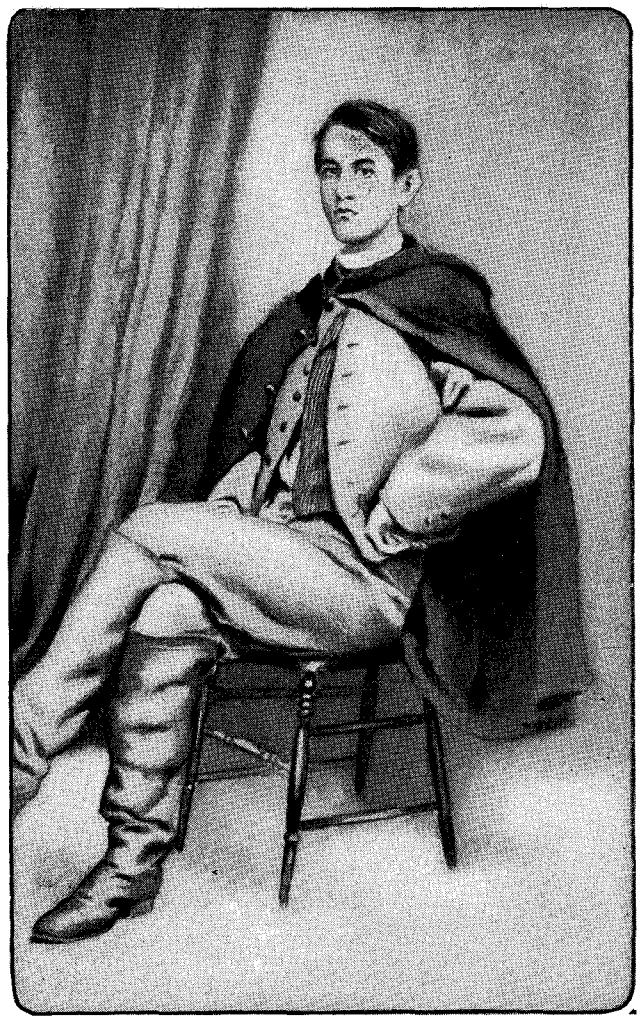
The Mosby Reminiscences.

There are many nooks and corners of the Civil War that still remain to be explored, and among them is the sphere of guerrilla warfare during that struggle. A contribution to this side of war-history is now offered by Mr. John W. Munson, who served with the daring raider, Mosby, during the time when that partisan leader was cutting through the Union lines, capturing whole supply trains, destroying railroads, and snapping up paymasters with large rolls of greenbacks intended for the Northern troops. It is an exciting story, and will appear in book form after running through six or eight numbers of *Munsey's*, which is now publishing it as a serial. Mr. Munson, by the way, is a nephew of Margaret Sangster. We should like to find an equally vivid account of the exploits of General John H. Morgan, who vied with Mosby as a wild free-lancer of the Confederacy, and who once threw the whole Middle West into a panic by whirling across the Ohio and getting above Cincinnati with a force of some 2,000 raiders. Morgan was the terror of the Border States, and some of the stories told of him at the time made him almost as fearful a character as his namesake, the buccaneer. Something has already been published about both Mosby and Morgan, but much still remains untold, and it has in it the very essence of the adventurous and romantic.



JOHN W. MUNSON.

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The Case of the Observant Stranger.

It is not impossible that some of our readers have heard the following story told in another way. We have heard it hinted that it has been applied to the political field and that the injured man has been described as an adherent of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. In the literary form in which it reached us there are few details which make us exceedingly skeptical. For instance, Mr. Booth Tarkington has been in Europe for a year and returned only the other day. Mr. Stewart Edward White has not been in New York since last spring, having spent the past five months honeymooning in the Jumping-Off-Place, Santa Barbara, California. So we find ourselves looking askance at the alleged participation of these two who, according to the tale, with two or three others, were one evening sitting around a table in the grill room of a New York club. There joined the party another member introducing a guest, a total stranger to them all, and the talk drifted from one subject to another. Finally the discussion turned to the science of deduction, and the methods of Sherlock Holmes, and several persons held the science up to ridicule. To this the stranger took exception. He himself, he said, had tried it, and had achieved some unusual results. He could not, he confessed, tell a man's trade by an examination of his thumb or his hand, as Holmes was able to do, but he believed that by even a casual examination of a man's face he could tell from what part of the country he originally came. This statement was greeted with general smiles of polite incredulity, until the stranger turned suddenly to one of the party and said: "I should judge that you come from Denver, Colorado."

"That's right, I do," said the one addressed, in some astonishment.

Then turning to Mr. Tarkington the stranger continued:

"You are a Hoosier, are you not?" Mr. Tarkington smilingly confessed that he was.

To a third the stranger said briefly:

"Virginia," and the other replied,

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AS THE DYING VEGETARIAN.

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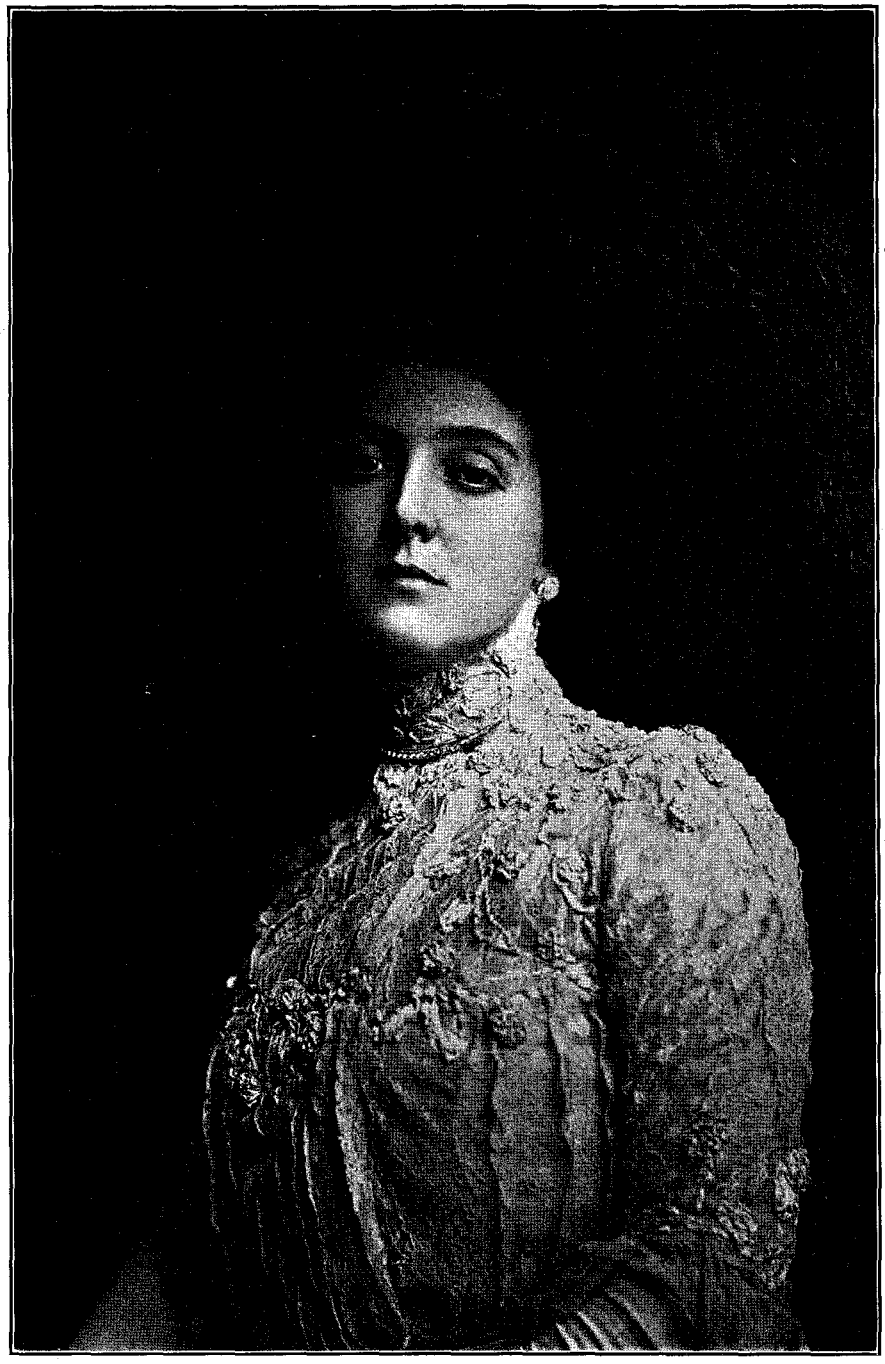

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MRS. EMILY POST.

Mrs. Post's new novel, "The Flight of a Moth," deals amusingly with the smart set of European capitals. Mrs. Post is a daughter of the late Bruce Price, a well-known New York architect. She comes more or less naturally by her gift of writing as her father wrote much on art subjects; her grandfather was a novelist and her uncle was one of the editors of the Baltimore *Sun*.

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ERNEST RENAN.

M. Renan's "Letters from the Holy Land," which is being published in this country this autumn, contains his correspondence with the chemist M. Berthelot during the time that he was gathering material for his "Vie de Jésus."

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Vell, I reckon you know that from my cent."

"And you," said the stranger, turning Mr. White, "I should take to be a ichigan man."

"That's what I am," retorted the au-or of *The Silent Places.*

The stranger passed to the fifth of the rty, whose countenance he studied with usual care and some hesitation. Finally seemed to reach a conclusion.

"I have it," he said, "you're from New rsey."

The other flushed hotly.

"I'm not," he said defiantly, "I've been in bed for five weeks. That's why I ok this way."

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, whose borate work, *Die Amerikaner,* will be reviewed in a subsequent number, has been head of the Harvard Laboratory for Experimental Psychology since its or-nization. Born and educated in Ger-any, he lectured on Psychology at the niversity of Freiburg, whence he was lled to Harvard in 1892. He has own, since his residence in this coun-y, an intense and critical interest in nerican life, social, political, and edu-tional, and the results of his observa-ons are embodied in his latest book. ere is an attempt to explain America d the Americans to Germany, much as ofessor Bryce explained them to Eng-hmen; and his attitude, like that of ryce, is wholly a friendly one. His tle book, *American Traits,* published ree years ago in English, contained me preliminary sketches for his much ore pretentious book, and excited some mment at the time, because of his per-ctly true remark that American society id the American character are in danger becoming "feminised," owing to the creased interest of women in intellec-al pursuits side by side with the in-eased materialism of our men. Pro-ssor Münsterberg has a sort of semi-ficial relation to the German Govern-ent for whose benefit he makes reports n the newest developments in American lucation, and possibly in political mat-rs as well. He is a really brilliant riter, whether in English or in German. His sentences are crisp and pungent, and abound in many a witty turn. Were his wit mellowed by a sense of humour, he would be inimitable, and, we may add, he would have been more successful in certain portions of his American studies. Nevertheless, his book is both suggestive and stimulating. A translation under the title of *The Americans* will soon be published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company.

ofessor igo ünsterberg.

Not long ago an American college professor published a lengthy essay deploring the light, irresponsible tone of current criticism, its disregard for traditions and rules, and the flimsiness of its foundation. The terms "academic" and "impressionistic" frequently recurred, but without any concrete instances to show what he had in mind. The discussion that followed was equally vague, resolving itself for the most part into a general rebuke of literary frivolity. It may not be pleasant to specify in these matters but there is really no other way. Books about books are so numerous that there is no lack of material for illustrating from recent publications the respective faults of what seem to be regarded as two opposing schools, though they are not schools but temperaments. For the fault of heaviness usually associated with academic writing, see Professor Dowden's *Browning* in *The Temple Biographies.* For the quality of emptiness, said to be an impressionistic sin, consult a recent volume by Mr. Le Gallienne on *How to Get the Best Out of Books.* For proof that scholarship need not submerge all personality or personality be always empty-handed, *vide* the recent volume of essays, *Points at Issue,* by Professor Henry A. Beers. Professor Dowden has, as his editor puts it, attempted to write a "biography of Browning's mind," arranging and explaining his poems in such a way as to show his mental development, while he carries along the narrative of his external life. It is what a conscientious reviewer will have to call a "solid contribution to the literature of the subject." It draws from all possible sources and in gathering widely scattered information and presenting it in a direct, orderly manner, deserves our respect and gratitude.

"Academic" and "Impressionistic."

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But when it comes to criticism or interpretation, he is not a man but a text-book. He classifies those poems as if they were bugs. He lectures horribly on the obvious. He can make the most beautiful of Browning's poems seem like a summer school. Yet Professor Dowden is a real person and reads Browning. He is not a board of trustees or a report of a royal commission. He lives and breathes as a man but reads only as a professor.

"Scholarship," says Professor Beers, in *Points at Issue,* "has a Philistinism of its own. . . . To say of any piece of literature that it is academic is commonly to say about the worst thing that can be said of it; for it is equivalent to saying that it is dead. Correctness and refinement are supposed attributes of academic work. But a refined corpse!" Scholarship without academic loss of blood is the characteristic of these essays, whose writer has a gift for making an easy, charming use of what he knows. Academic people think it is their knowledge we dislike, when it is really their disagreeable way with it. Professor Beers will take you with him when you had not thought of going. Professor Dowden half inclines you to turn back when you really want to go. To make a still more invidious comparison, contrast either of these books with Mr. Le Gallienne's essays. In his preface he speaks disparagingly of "professional and academic bodies," and declares that the aim of his "simple pages" is to convince business men "that literature is a living thing." The business men will gather from it that books have given the writer certain large sensations which he by no means succeeds in passing along. It is a book without either form or substance—vague thoughts and an undistinguished manner—impressionism of the most pulpy kind.

Kubla Khan.

In his extremely well-written essay Coleridge in the last number of *The ternational Quarte* Mr. Arthur Symons many new things to s and his characterizat of the man and of writings is very discriminating. he repeats a familiar story in gard to which we shall always be credulous, namely that *Kubla K* was written by Coleridge "literally his sleep." In the first place it was d cult even for his contemporaries to whether at any particular moment C ridge was asleep or not. Coleridge h self was no judge. He remained long intervals in a state which was neit the one thing nor the other. *Ku Khan* was written in 1797, and as Symons himself recalls, Coleridge gan to take laudanum at the age twenty-three, that is, in 1795, and 1796 was already taking it in large do The story as told by his relations that once, in consequence of a "slight disposition, an anodyne had been p scribed" and that in the "profou sleep" that followed he composed t or three hundred lines of which he able to write down a portion on aw ing. All that it is safe to infer from t filial euphemism is that *Kubla Khan* the fragment of a very lively opi dream, which in itself is sufficiently markable.

Beautiful as the poem is, Mr. Sym is hardly justified in placing it above other poems past, present or futu Language like this is somewhat inte perate—

> It has outlasted the century, and may be used as a touchstone; it will determine poetic value of any lyric poem which you pl beside it. Take as many poems as you ple their ultimate merit as poetry will lie in the gree of their approach to the exact, unc scious, inevitable balance of qualities in poetic art of "Kubla Khan."

Other people have their hobbies, t

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THE RED CORPUSCLE

(Kipling has been called the poet of the Red Corpuscle.—Press.)

I have heard it, Brother Kipling, that you dip your lyric pen
In a dainty little corpuscle, or two,
Ere you take it up to puncture every bubble born of men,
And flay the world, and lash it black and blue.
I have read it, Rhyming Rudyard, that vermillion is your colour;
That you scorn the use of ink
That is yellow, black or pink
For a tiny drop of blood that is red, red, red.
Tell me, Purple poet, tell me, will no liquor lighter, duller,
Match your wreaking words of war,
Bard of verse corpuscular—
Your slaughter of the living, your dirges for the dead?

When you fling a little ditty from the crannies of your brain,
Do you gloat among the bullocks in the pen,
And catch the purple rosaries from artery and vein,
Then send them forth as rubrics unto men?
Or, frantic with the Muses, do you lance the pulsing channels
That spurt the vital ink
From the places where you think
In the corners of your head, of your head, head, head,
To the tingle of your fingers, as they carve their scarlet annals
Of disaster, death and war,
Lord of rhymes corpuscular?—
What answer, ruddy Rudyard, O Rhymer of the Red?

O despair of lily poets, with the faces wan and pale!
O damper in the velvet throats of song!
Do you dine on bull-blood tablets, that your cheek is swart and hale,
And every blusking link of rhyme is strong?
Do you revel in the legends of the gibbet, and the story
Of old Blue-Beard? Is the ink
That you use in your swink
Not a little drop of blood, as I said, said, said?
Tell me, Brother Bard, O tell me—what has made your pen so gory?
For I've spied a poet's star,
And if ink corpuscular
Will make it shine with glory, I'll wear it on my head!

What a burden, Rhyming Rudyard, you are heaping on your soul!
For every little singer from afar
Has seen you strip the laurels from a crimson-coated goal,
And heard you hum the dirge of death and war.
When your face is wan and weary and your hair is thin and hoary,
Every poet, pale or pink,
Will be using crimson ink
On a paper that is tinted with a red, red, red!
Then to thee the blighting glory of all volumes grim and gory!
And the blood, O Singing Star,
Of all rhymes corpuscular
Be upon thee, Purple Poet, and be upon thy head!

Aloysius Coll.

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DIME NOVEL MAKERS

IN the first place, the Dime Novel is not yellow. It never was. Many years ago it was salmon-colored, but, literally, the description, "yellow-backed literature," applied to the Dime Novel, is and always has been a misnomer. Perhaps confusion as to the actual colour of the covers may have extended to the supposed deplorable character of the contents, so that the one tinged the other. That is merely a suggestion. No one can deny that a large measure of odium to-day attaches to anything "yellow," whether in literature or journalism.

It was in 1860 that Orville J. Victor, a shrewd student of popular taste, conceived the idea of putting forth original stories of 35,000 or 40,000 words, each in a compact little volume, at ten cents apiece. The publishing house for which Mr. Victor was literary adviser, saw the commercial value of the suggestion and acted on it promptly. It was decided that the stories must be vital, full of adventurous action, and appeal strongly to the emotions. They were designed to sell to the multitude, whose views and understanding of life were largely rudimentary. While it was desired that the scene of each book should be laid in America, it need not be confined to any particular part of the country.

The trackless wilderness beyond the Rockies seemed to offer great romantic possibilities. The winning—or stealing—of the West from the aborigines was at this period being pursued with relentless ferocity, and tales of battles between the pale face and redskin were sure of an eager audience.

It is the pride and boast of Mr. Victor that not a single unwholesome thought or suggestion can be found in all the thousands of stories passing through his hands. Never was villainy allowed to triumph permanently, and in every plot the moral toward which the author aimed from the beginning of the first chapter was kept in view steadily until it was clinched by a denouement whose honesty could not be questioned.

There could be only one crime equal to immorality—or, rather, false morals—and that was dullness. A dime novel must be full of bustle. The people in it must work, and work hard. The hero must be not only quick on the trigger, have hawklike vision, muscles of steel and indomitable courage, but he must be resourceful. When he finds himself hurled over a Colorado precipice, and is "falling—falling" into a canyon two thousand feet below, at the end of a chapter, he must devise a means in the next to keep himself alive, and logically, too. Your dime novel reader is not to be put off with a bald statement of a feat that is obviously impossible. It is the business of the author to explain how the hero manages to save himself by catching at a shrub conveniently growing from the face of the rock, and thence, by cutting handholds in the sandstone with his trusty hunting-knife, works his way upward to safety, just as the blade is worn down to the very hilt.

Such an exploit would be difficult, of course, but, as it is breathlessly described by the writer, with a gasping thrill at every foot of progress, the reader sees that it *might* be done, and he is content.

As for the characters, they must be sharply outlined with a few strokes. There is no room in a dime novel for slow and laborious psychological development. The work must be impressionistic. Colours must be laid on broadly, like those in a theatrical scene, so that they will "light up well" in the lurid atmosphere surrounding them. As, in a melodrama, the sneering individual, with the black mustache, riding-boots and cigarette, is instantly recognized as the villain, so must the first words or acts of a character in a dime novel stamp him as a detective, ruffian, comic ally of the hero, or what not. Having been placed in congenial environment, what he says and does must indicate what he is. The complex motives actuating him are of no interest to his audience. They care nothing for the soul-struggles which may or may not rend his being. The visible results of those struggles, taking the form of snappy dialogue, dashing deeds or fiendishly ingenious complications, are all that concern the reader, who usually is

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imaginative enough to draw a mental picture of the individual whose fortunes he is following. Nine times out of ten he does so unconsciously. Name any personage in a popular story of this class to a boy of fourteen who has read it, and he will tell you his disposition and attributes in a dozen words. It is by this faculty of subjectively drawing a character while rushing the narrative along at express speed that the dime novel maker most surely proves his fitness for his task.

At the beginning, the staff of writers comprised many who had already become well known in other fields. The opening story, for instance, No. 1 of the Dime Novel Series, entitled *Malaeskal, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter,* was by Mrs. Ann Stephens, who had established what was probably the first salon in New York. A woman of unusual attainments and fascinating personality, she had been the centre of a literary coterie including all the prominent writers then in the metropolis. She conducted a magazine which had great vogue, and, before contributing to the Beadle series, had written several ambitious novels, that sold at the regulation price of $1.50 per volume.

Edward S. Ellis was a school teacher at Trenton, New Jersey, when he submitted the manuscript of a story of singular cleverness, entitled *Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier.* It was accepted, and had an enormous sale both in this country and Great Britain. While this great circulation was due largely to the merit of the tale, much of the credit must be given to an ingenious method of advertising, by which public curiosity was excited to the fever-point weeks before the book appeared. Mr. Ellis wrote for the firm until it went out of existence some seven or eight years ago. Like many dime novel authors, he did not confine himself to that class of work. He has written, and is still writing, in all fields. Educational text-books by him are in use in the schools, and his *History of the United States* is recognised as a standard authority.

Mrs. Metta V. Victor wrote many stories. The fourth of the series, *Alice Wilde, the Raftsman's Daughter,* was by her, and had a wide sale. Her most successful production, however, was *Maum Guinea and Her Plantation Children,* an anti-slavery tale. Appearing at a period when the question of abolishing slavery was so vital, it created a tremendous sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. Henry Ward Beecher was so much impressed with it that he declared it to be, "next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* the most precious book I ever read."

Other dime novelists were Clara Augusta, who, at eighty years of age, is still writing, and whose work, in the language of one of her admirers, "is as juicy as ever it was." Judge William Jared Hall, now on the bench in Ohio; William R. Eyster, whose forte was Revolutionary stories, and who to-day is an editor in Denver; N. W. Busteed, formerly a prominent member of Tammany Hall; Henry J. Thomas, Mrs. Mary A. Dennison, Colonel A. J. H. Dugan, "the People's Poet," who was killed in the Civil War, and many others of less note.

The breaking out of the war in 1861 gave a great impetus to the sale of Dime Novels. They were sent to the army in the field by cords, like unsawed firewood. Compact in form, they were easily made up into immense bales, and shipped on any kind of freight-car, canal-boat or country wagon. When the salmon-coloured bundles appeared in camp the sutler was obliged to distribute them quickly, or they would be torn from him. Every brigade of both armies had the little books, and when "Yank" and "Reb" pickets used to go down to a stream between battles to swap tobacco, coffee and yarns, there was sure to be an exchange of Dime Novels.

They were small enough to slip into the pocket, and many a tale of black villainy, heroic endeavour and final triumph of virtue was soaked with the life-blood of a poor fellow who intended to finish the half-read book as soon as the engagement should be over. The novel was buried with him, usually. When the "burial party" threw the earth upon him as he lay in the shallow trench with scores of others who would never march or pull trigger again, the little volume of harum-scarum adventure would be still in his breast-pocket.

How many dime novels were sold to soldiers in the four years of the war it would be hard to compute. Their numbers ran into the millions. A newsdealer would take a list of a hundred different stories and order a thousand of each, all

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destined for the army. If one dealer thus bought a hundred thousand novels at one order, it is not difficult to believe that many more than a million were sold to the soldiers on both sides in the course of four years.

The salmon-coloured "Dime Novel" went out of existence in 1872. It was then that, with a change of form from a duodecimo to a 32-page folio, the name was altered to "Beadle's Dime Library," and so it remained. The distinction was too subtle for the public, however, and the books continued to be spoken of as dime novels. For convenience sake, the term will be used throughout this article. There was no essential difference between these later stories and those which used to cheer the campaign-worn soldiers in the sixties. Time brought variations in the raw material, but the texture and pattern of the completed product was about the same.

The Indian as a factor dropped out about twenty years ago. The cowboy took his place. It is true that the plainsman, with his mustang, his lariat, and his ready revolver, had been associated with the Indian in the group of picturesque characters gathered together in the old-time novels. But he was of a different type from his successor. Then, as to villains. The Indian used to make a good subject for the white scout, with his unerring rifle. But the white "bad man," with a dozen notches on the butt of his "Colt," and his private cemetery at the edge of the town, was just as useful to the dime novelist, and had the pictorial merit of presenting more light and shade than the stolid savage.

The scenes were still laid on the frontier. Where else could be found the romance, the pulsing primitive life, the opportunities for men to give full sway to their passions, good and bad, in these artificial days? The every-day existence of men who ride fifty miles between dawn and sunset, and who sleep on Mother Earth, with a saddle for a pillow, for months at a stretch, is a romance in itself. Why should the writer of adventure seek any other background for the story he has to tell? Western tales were popular to the very end, although the detective whose victories for law and justice are achieved in the heart of a big city has become a keen rival of the cowboy in recent years.

A Beadle and Adams author one day happened to see outside of a museum a gaudy painting of an enormous horse, with flowing mane and tail. It was "The Wonderful Giant Horse, Nebo, from Colorado—Admission ten cents," as the big-lettered announcement described it.

A giant horse! What a striking figure for a novel! An idea! Place a man of corresponding hugeness on the animal, and there would be a combination character which could hardly fail to make a sensation. The novelist paid his ten cents and looked Nebo over carefully, so that he would be able to describe him in full detail in the novel he intended to write. Then he went home and began his story of *The Giant Horseman*. He created a cavalier some eight feet high, with muscles, activity and bravery to match, and lifted him into the saddle. The giant horse was endowed with the ability to clear tremendous chasms and obstacles of appalling height. There was little difficulty in writing a dashing story around this Centaur-like hero. *The Giant Horseman* was one of the big sellers of that year.

"Black Bart," a notorious California bandit of twenty years ago, who used to hold up stage-coaches single-handed, spending the proceeds in the character of a private gentleman in San Francisco, was used in a novel, and doubtless accomplished more villainy in print than ever he did in his real person, although actually he served several years in San Quentin prison. He was not the hero of the novel, of course. That rôle was taken by the detective who was ever on Black Bart's trail, both in the canyons where he stopped his coaches and in his magnificent home in San Francisco. This detective was "Sleepless Eye," and he was so much better a man, physically, morally and mentally, than Black Bart, that that rascal's discomfiture was only a matter of so many chapters leading up to his destruction.

Occasionally, Mr. Victor, in revising a manuscript, would come across some striking speech by a character, some bit of description or some twist of the plot, that suggested a catchy title for another story. That meant an order to some one of the two dozen authors on the staff for a "dime" to fit the title. In due time the story would be sent in, and so well-

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ined were the writers in the employ the firm that it was almost sure to be isfactory. Any one of them could ve built up a 70,000-word novel from omma, if required.

The importance of beginning a novel th a brisk sentence or terse exclamation ich would instantly enchain the inter- and compel the reader to go on, was e of the articles of faith. Here is the ıy one "dime" opened—

'Git up!"

'Cr-r-r-ack! sounded the long whip, and the ıders of the stage-coach that was flying rough a California valley jumped forward, that the lumbering vehicle, with a groan at was almost human, swung to one side in most alarming manner—to at least one pas- ıger on the roof."

The chapter told of the coach dashing ong a narrow path, with a giddy precipice on one side and a steep wall on the her. Then—

"Some yards ahead—so near that they ıuld distinguish it plainly—there was a wash- ıt which extended within four feet of the erpendicular rock, and that must, therefore, row the coach headlong down the awful ıasm unless some miracle intervened."

This was serious, but in a dime novel ıch a dilemma is easily overcome.

"'Who-o-o-o! Gi-i-i-i-it! Who-o-o-o-a-a-a! r-r-r!'

"With these inarticulate sounds, the driver exterously turned his team suddenly toward ıe perpendicular rock; then, tightening his rip on the reins, he yelled again, and the four orses literally leaped over the gap!

"Before anyone could think the coach had eeled half over toward the wall, and the two uter wheels were up in the air, as the vehi- le passed over the bottomless rift and righted tself with a thump and a plunge on the other ide."

This was the first chapter. There were hirty-eight more of them, and each had ts thrill, with a tangled and knotted hread of narrative running through it, o be neatly untied or cleft at a stroke in he last.

The methods pursued by all writers of this kind are about the same. All the characters are brought in as early as convenient—all in the first chapter if possible ——and their dispositions are indicated briefly, but clearly. Then the villains begin their nefarious work, plunging the good people into such difficulties at the end of each chapter that it requires the first part of the next to drag them out. Then in they go again for another climax, seesawing from chapter to chapter to the end of the book.

There is a techinque in dime novel writing which is acquired unconsciously. Each chapter must end in suspense, and tragedy must be well balanced by comedy. Dialect is used liberally, but it must be conventional. The average reader would resent a dialect to interpret which would give him trouble. The slang of the Bowery is always welcome, because the ordinary boy hears it in a mild form from day to day, and the introduction of a new slang expression of obvious meaning, but quaint ugliness, appeals to him. The colloquial speech of the plains is good, with plenty of "Hyars" and "thars," while an occasional Greaser, with his "Caramba!" and "Maladetta!" gives palatable variety to the dialogue. An Irish brogue—always in the mouth of an ally of the hero——is much enjoyed, and Cockneyisms, uttered by a tenderfoot who is made the butt of the camp, and who is pretty sure to find himself bumping about on the back of a bucking broncho in one chapter, are useful in their way.

Great care must be exercised in the introduction of feminine personages. The dime novelist looks on this as the most delicate part of his calling. One heroine is more trouble to him than a dozen villains. Preferably she is a young woman who can ride and shoot almost as well as the hero, and in general is a good example of the well-poised athletic American girl. She may fall into the hands of the villains—generally does—but you never have any fear for her. She can take care of herself, and when plans for her rescue are in operation, you can depend on her seconding the efforts in her behalf with pluck, as well as common sense. You never knew of a namby-pamby heroine in a dime novel. She could not exist in its bracing atmosphere through half a chapter.

Aside from the heroine, there may be a "hag," who is so frankly brutal that she is charming. When her parchment skin, chronic strabismus, claw-like fingers and Mother Frochard rags are described, it would be a literary impossibility for her to be anything less than the wicked old creature she is. These two characters, with perhaps a maid or little sister for the heroine, are all the femininity required in

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a dime novel. The deeds done therein are essentially tasks for men.

The final disposition of the villains sometimes entails hard thinking. While their quietus may be accomplished in various ways, it is not considered good form for the hero to kill them if it can be avoided. It is true, he cannot always help himself. There are times when it is their lives or his, and, of course, then he has no choice. But it is better to capture them alive or let their destruction be compassed by their own act, as Bill Sykes hanged himself with a snarled rope while trying to escape from a roof in a London slum.

One author, who found himself with an assortment of villains of aggravated depravity on his hands in the last chapter, was able to get rid of them conveniently in an unusual manner. It happened that the scene was in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. The villains had been entrapped in a worked-out mine by the detective-hero, who had left them there while he went for a posse of police. Before he could return, there was an accumulation of firedamp and an explosion that blew all the rascals into eternity at one blast. It was a coup only possible when all conditions were favourable, otherwise it would doubtless have been adopted by many other perplexed story-tellers.

When the "Dime Library" was established in 1872, a new group of authors succeeded the staff which had done the work on the original Dime Novel series. Some of the old writers remained, but others were engaged from time to time, thus keeping the firm well supplied with manuscripts. At this period, Beadle and Adams were publishing a story of one kind or another on every business day of the year. Some were "dimes," of 70,000 words, and others "Half-Dimes," averaging 35,000. It required an enormous mass of fiction to supply the demand, and the large amount of work done by some of the regular authors is almost unbelievable.

The records show that the most industrious of them all was Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, whose name is familiar to youth everywhere. He wrote, all told, the amazing number of six hundred novels, besides several plays and numerous short stories and poems. He was an officer in the Confederate army, a served both afloat and ashore in t Cuban ten years' war for independen as well as in Mexico, Austria, Greece a Africa. His experience as a naval offic equipped him to write convincing s stories, while some years spent in t West brought him into contact wi Colonel W. F. Cody, and the two m were long close friends. Beadle a Adams published a great many stori written by Col. Cody under his *nom guerre* of "Buffalo Bill." When he g tired of making "copy," his frien Colonel Ingraham, wrote in his name.

"The only request I have to mak Ingraham," said Col. Cody, when h biographer was about to begin on h first Buffalo Bill story, "is that you w not depict me with an ax in one hand a a war-club in the other, knocking o the brains of all the people I meet."

Col. Ingraham promised, and his Bu falo Bill tales have shown the famo scout as he is in real life, chivalrous an gentle, but a fury when the bullets a spattering and there is no choice but t kill or be killed. How many Buffal Bill stories Colonel Ingraham has pr duced he could hardly tell offhand. Ho rapidly he wrote can be judged by th fact that a few years ago he turned o a "Half-Dime," thirty-five thousan words, in a day and a night, with a foun tain pen.

"It was a hurry order from the firm, he said, in telling of the feat, "and it ha to be done. I drew my trusty fountain pen, placed a ream of foolscap on my des in my room, locked myself in, worke from breakfast to breakfast, and com pleted my task. I was both tired an hungry when I finished, for I had ha only a sandwich or two, eaten as worked."

If anyone thinks this performance wa a joke, he might try writing thirty-five thousand words of an original composition in twenty-four hours. As a matter of fact, several of the writers on Beadle and Adams's staff were good for an average of one thousand words an hour with a pen, and could keep it up day after day, completing a dime novel of seventy thousand words in a week. When the typewriter came into general use, their capacity became much greater.

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One of the firm's valuable men was Albert W. Aiken, who was an excellent actor, as well as a novelist. Besides creating melodramas in which he played the principal rôles, he always had a taste for story-writing, and when his first novel was accepted he turned his attention to that kind of work exclusively. The publishing house of Beadle and Adams was a worm-eaten old building at 98 William street—a great modern skyscraper swallowed up the site of that and several other ancient rookeries five or six years ago——and in a little den on an upper floor Aiken used to grind out dime novels day after day with the steadiness of a machine. His stories were excellent, and his name had a distinct commercial value. Mr. Victor knew he could always depend on a "good seller's" coming down from the stuffy little corner of the stock-room where Aiken's desk stood, at least once a week. Detective yarns laid in New York were Albert W. Aiken's forte, and it is to be doubted whether anyone ever has equaled him in facility of invention, picturesqueness of description and clever limning of character along that line.

Edward S. Wheeler was the author of a long series of "Half-Dimes" dealing with the adventures of "Broadway Billy," a typical New York boy. Billy was a detective, and the way in which he ferreted out mysterious crimes and brought the culprits to justice was no less wonderful than his equable good temper and unfailing command of epigram. Up to Mr. Wheeler's death "Broadway Billy" was pursuing an active career, but when his creator passed away he disappeared, too, although his memory will be kept green in the hearts of many thousands of staid men of affairs to whom he was a pet hero throughout all their boyhood.

In view of the interest shown of late in the length of popular novels of a more ambitious class, a natural question is, How long does a dime novel live? Most of them are practically immortal. In the old days enormous numbers were sold of each new story, as it appeared, the standing order of the American News Company, which handled the bulk of the edition, being sixty thousand copies. Often these, sixty thousand would be all sold in a week, with other editions following each other from week to week. Some novels ran into as many as ten or twelve editions.

The head of a large circulating library was quoted not long ago as saying that "the average novel lasts about six weeks. Then the people do not ask for it any more." He was referring to books of merit put forth by leading publishers, at $1.50 a copy. The dime novel seldom equals the record of *David Harum,* for instance, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand copies in five years—but, if it is a good specimen of its class, it will sell at the rate of several hundred annually many years after publication, and when most works of fiction, save the classics, would be as dead as *Trilby,* of which a copy is not sold once in two years.

On an upper floor of the old house in William street was a room extending the whole depth of the building, in which were piled up hundreds of thousands of novels—"Dimes," "Half-Dimes," "Boys' Library" and other series—beginning with Number 1, and up to and including the current issue.

This stock was always moving. Now and then a story proved particularly successful, and the demand for it was so great that edition after edition was printed from the always ready plate, but withal keeping barely ahead of the orders.

The common experience of all publishers, of a book falling comparatively flat when first issued, only to become an enormous seller weeks or months afterward, was that of Beadle and Adams. Sometimes a happening in real life, exploited in the newspapers, had the parallel in a novel published simultaneously or before. The real or fancied identity of the actual romance or tragedy with that told in fiction would become widely known, and this particular dime novel would take a sudden jump in circulation that kept the presses running day and night for weeks.

It was seldom that writers for this firm were commissioned to produce tales purporting to narrate the doings of actual people whose names happened to be prominent in the news of the day. Sensational deeds of bandits, thugs or criminals generally were never glorified, and for the excellent reason that the experience of other publishers of low-priced fiction who had tried this line had been disappointing. Your dime novel reader likes

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his fare well spiced, but he objects to poison.

On the other hand, many suggestions for dramas have come from dime novels. The hurly-burly of action in the narrative often became the blood-and-thunder success before the footlights. It was to a dime novel story of an oarsman-detective that the stage was indebted for the "tank drama" epidemic which raged so virulently ten or fifteen years ago.

It was a dime novelist who first conceived the possibility of a baseball being made to change its direction at least twice after leaving the hand of the pitcher. A series of stories of which the hero was one "Double-Curve Dan," set forth this principle. When the stories were written, baseball had not materially developed and the exploits of "Double Curve Dan" excited derision.

Sometimes, in his hurry, a dime novelist will make a technical blunder which would hold him up to ridicule, were he not to remedy his mistake before it got into print. An example of this found its way into a sea story one day. The author was describing the cruise of a bark, whose skipper was "a bold smuggler," and sea-wolf generally. The hero had been locked up in a cabin aft, and sought to escape by climbing from a window and down the anchor-chains to a boat in which a friend was awaiting him. The hero reached the boat in safety, and after shaking his fist at the great black hull of the vessel, went on his way with further adventures in triumph. He had plunged along through several chapters when the author happened to read the description of the hero's escape from the ship to a seafaring acquaintance.

"You say he got out of the stern window and slid down the anchor cable to the boat, eh?" observed the mariner,

"Yes, it makes rather a thrilling episode."

"Thrilling enough and funny enough," was the response, "only the anchors, in all the ships I've sailed in, were at the bow. I think I'd let him get out by way of the f'k's'l. It would save you being laughed at."

The author protested that sometimes an anchor was thrown out from the stern in an emergency, and surely this was one.

"Yes, but the skipper was not furnishing an anchor cable to help your hero. Take my advice and let your man get out at the other end."

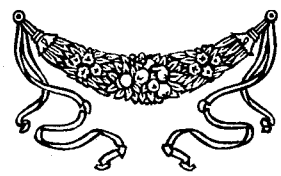
The author took the sailor's advice.

Once a dime novel hero, who had been dropped through a trap in the sub-cellar of a thieves' dive in New York, found himself in a sewer main, making his way toward the East River. He had been fighting big gray rats, whose soft bodies had thumped against his face from time to time, and who had bitten his hands over and over again, despite his vigorous attacks with the heavy stick he had been fortunate enough to find. At last he reached a place where it seemed that he must give up indeed. The tide was at flood, and the water had backed into the sewer so that it nearly reached the roof. He was swimming, but soon the water would quite fill the noisome space, and then what could he do? The river was ahead of him, but he did not know how far. What was he to do?

The author asked this question at the end of a chapter, and went out for a walk in the hope of finding an answer. It was a hard nut to crack, and he had strolled about for half an hour without reaching a conclusion. Then he met a cheerful friend, who smilingly asked him the reason of his worried look. The situation was explained. At one stroke the cheerful idiot cut the knot: "Make the Johnny dive."

The solution was majestic in its very simplicity. The hero *did* dive, and being a deep-chested young man, and a strong swimmer, he contrived to reach the open river before he arose to the surface, and appeared in the next chapter, in good health and dry clothes, for the further discomfiture of the villains.

George C. Jenks.



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CAMPAIGN SONGS AND BALLADS

"Pa! Pa! please tell Ma
Hayes is in the White House!
Ha! Ha! Ha!"

SUCH were the words of the first campaign "song" we who were children two decades ago seem to remember. We have good ause to remember it, for we not only whooped it up" from June till Novemer, 1876, but until the following March th, two days previous to which the Elecoral Commission decided that Hayes was egally entitled to the presidency. Then he Hayes' faction of children, forgetting ll Sunday School admonitions against alling one's brother a fool began to shout cross at the Tilden "gang"—

"Hayes rides a white horse,
Tilden strides a mule;
Hayes is a gentleman,
Tilden is a fool!"

Now, for the sake of the preservation of the dignity of the adults of 1876-77, ve would like to believe that these rhymes originated with the children and were used by them alone, and yet, research reveals to us the fact that even more personal songs were shouted in other campaigns by grown up men, long before we little partisans of Hayes came into existence. And yet, strange to say, the origin of the custom of composing verse relating to the candidates for the presidency was rooted in reverence. It started in a eulogy and ended in a tirade. Songs in praise of Washington were composed by the score and many of them were popular for fifty years after Washington had departed this earth. In June, 1799, Robert Treat Paine composed a lengthy song in his honour, the following verse of which shows how the people depended on him, even at that time of his life to be their leader, and this verse was sung with fervour by the people who, as yet, were undisturbed by national politics, for at that time political parties had not grown to the aggressive proportions they assumed before another decade passed.

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves."

Until 1804 the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes was elected, and the one receiving the next greatest was declared vice-president. From that time rival parties with rival verses sprang into existence. A favourite song of the Jeffersonians was composed about the year 1800. From it one may gather that there were many rival factions in those early days of the republic.

"The Federalists are down at last.
The Monarchists completely cast!
The Aristocrats are stripped of power.
Storms o'er the British faction lower.
Soon we Republicans shall see
Columbia's sons from bondage free!
Lord! How the Federalists will stare
At Jefferson in Adams' chair!"

During the campaign of 1828 the following song, "The Hunters of Kentucky" was a prime favourite with Jackson's followers—

"You've heard, I s'pose, of New Orleans,
It's famed for youth and beauty;
There are girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty!
Now, Packenham had made his brags
If he that day was lucky,
He'd have the girls and cotton bags
In spite of Old Kentucky!"

"But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew Kentucky's boys,
With their death-dealing rifles!
He led them down to cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood Old Kentucky!"

It is hardly necessary to state that when Jackson, with aid of Old Kentucky, gained the White House, "the Kentuck-

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ians who made Jackson famous" owned the White House, and did they elect to come there dressed in hunting shirts, coon-skin caps, and lugging their famous rifles they never doubted that Old Hickory thought more of that uniform than of any gold and lace worn by "the foreign critters."

During the campaign of 1840 party spirit ran high. The contrast between Martin Van Buren, christened, because of his courtly graces, "Martin the First," and William Henry Harrison, the Indian fighter, was so great as to admit of general rejoicing upon the part of the Whigs who felt that they had, in Harrison, a candidate more suited to the general public. In an ironical mood they commiserated Van Buren—

"Farewell, dear Van!
You're a used-up man!

"Van! Van! Van!
You're not our man!"

Not content with this pithy "poetry" they broke into the tune of Yankee Doodle and sang:

"That Matty loves the working man,
No workingman can doubt, sirs;
For well he doth pursue the place
That *turns* the workers *out,* sirs!

"He turns them out of Whig employ,
He turns them out of bread, sirs,
And *middle* men doth he annoy,
By striking business dead, sirs!

"For Matty is a Democrat,
Sing, Yankee Doodle Dandy!
With spoons of gold, and English coach,
And servants always handy!"

Thus it may be seen that Van Buren was no favourite with the labouring man who sang the praises of Harrison, familiarly known as "Old Tippecanoe." They praised his log cabin, which the Van Buren men ridiculed, and made capital out of the hospitable log-hut where the latch-string was always on the outside and where good hard cider could be procured on the inside.

"Tippecanoe has no chariot to ride in,
No palace of marble has he to reside in,
No bags of gold eagles, no lots of fine clothes,
But he has a wealth far better than those—
The love of a Nation, free, happy and true,
Are the riches and portion of Tippecanoe!"

And then the famous "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," which ran—

"What has caused the commotion, 'motion, 'motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball a rolling on, for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!
And with them we will beat Van!
Van is a used-up man!

"Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log cabins, too—
It will only help speed the ball for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!

"The latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door!
And it is never pulled through,
For it was never the custom of old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!"

The term "Up Salt River," said to have originated during the Clay-Jackson campaign of 1832, was also made use of in this campaign. The defeated ones are supposed to chant:

"Our vessel is ready, we cannot delay,
For Harrison's coming and we must away—
Up Salt River! Up Salt River!
Up Salt River! Oh, heigh-ho!"

In the Polk-Clay campaign of 1844 the dinner pail was as much in evidence as it was fifty years later, and Clay's adherents gave the toast—

"Here's a health to the workingman's friend,
Here's good luck to the plough and the loom!
Him who will not join in support of our cause,
May light dinners and ill-luck illume!"

Again—

"The gallant Whigs have drawn the sword,
And thrown the idle sheath away;
And onward is the battle-word,
For Home Protection and for Clay!"

Had Clay lived in this generation, his opponents would have most likely used the slang phrase "his name is Mud" with which to offset the praising puns of his adherents, of which the following is one example—

"The great, the wise, the virtuous, all—they say,
In Time's dread progress, die and turn to clay;
A dying Nation shall the comment give—
She turns to Clay—*but turns to Clay to live!*"

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The Whig party announced that it was the same old coon" that carried the ountry in 1840, and warbled—

The moon was shining silver bright,
The stars with glory crowned the night,
High on a limb that 'same old coon'
Was singing to himself this tune—
Get *out of my way—you're all unlucky!*
Clear the track for Old Kentucky!"

When the "Polk-berries" won out they vrote this obituary for the "poor old :oon"—

'Not a cheer was heard—not a single shout,
As away to a ditch they hurried;
No bank-paid orator rose to spout
O'er the hole where that coon was buried!

"So rapidly tumbling him all alone,
With his tail's wounded stump quite gory,
They raised a faint shout, 'twixt a cheer and a groan,
And left him alone in his glory!"

In the campaign of 1848 the partisans of "Old Zach," or "Old Rough and Ready," as Taylor was called, sounded this cry—

"Clear the track if your toes are tender,
For honest Zach can never surrender!"

In 1856, the young Republican party nominated James C. Fremont, the "Explorer of the West," and believed they had in him a winning man, for he was young and ambitious, as compared with Buchanan, who was considered by this time nothing more or less than a quiet "Government hack," grown senile under an old harness. The Fremont men called their choice "the mustang colt," and gave to Buchanan the nickname, "old gray nag." The race between the rivals was told in verse—

"The mustang colt is strong and young,
His wind is strong, his knees not sprung.
The old gray horse is a well-known hack,
He's long been fed at the public rack.
The mustang is a full-blooded colt,
He cannot shy! He will not bolt!
The old gray nag, when he tries to trot,
Goes round and round in the same old spot!
The mustang goes at a killing pace,
He's bound to win the four-mile race!
Then do your best with the old gray hack,
The mustang colt will clear the track!"

Buchanan, who was constantly accused of being too easily moulded by his party, was also greeted by his enemies—

"The dough! the dough! the facial dough!
The nose that yields when you tweak it so!
It sighs for the spoils—it sells its soul
For a spoonful of pap from the Treasury bowl!"

Buchanan's friends, not to be outdone by their enemies, prophesied the downfall of Fremont—

"When Fremont raised a flag so high,
On Rocky Mountain's peak,
One little, busy bee did fly,
And light upon his cheek.
But when November's ides arrive,
To greet the Colonel's sight,
Straight from the Democratic hive,
Two B's will on him light—
Buck and Breck."

When Millard Filmore, a candidate of the American party, aspired to be an elected president, not an accidental one, as he had been, his opponents, harbouring against him the signing of the "Fugitive Slave Law," lampooned him—

"There lives a man in Buffalo,
His name is Millard Filmore,
Who thinks the Union's sunk so low
It ought to take one pill more
To purge away the 'prejudice'
Which true men have for Freedom;
A canting, pompous wretch he is,
Who'll cheat you if you heed him!

"Old Mill Filmore, not another pill more
In our mouth!
The quacking South
Ne'er shall put a bill more!"

A number of songs were written in praise of Lincoln in the campaign of 1860, but there is one, sung boisterously and with a jubilant ring, which, seven months later, echoed mockingly on the ears of those who knew it was a direful prophecy—

"We are coming! We are coming!
What a mighty host—Ha! Ha!
Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming—
We are coming to the war!
Here are old men, here are young men,
Even women by the score;
All are coming, all are coming,
To this Presidential War!"

To the tune of "Yankee Doodle" they sang—

"Lincoln came to Washington,
To view the situation,
And found the world all upside down,
A rumpus in the Nation.

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He heard Secessia laugh in scorn,
And call him but a noodle;
'Laugh on!' he cried, 'as sure's you're born
I still am Yankee Doodle!'"
Chorus—"Yankee Doodle."

The Douglass men had a song that tickled Lincoln scarcely less than it did them, for he was fond of joking about his homely face—

"Tell us he's a second Webster,
Or, if better, Henry Clay;
That he's full of gentle humour,
Placid as a summer's day.

Tell again about the cord-wood;
Seven cords or more per day;
How each night he seeks his closet,
There alone to kneel and pray!

Any lie you tell, we'll swallow—
Swallow any kind of mixture;
But, O don't, we beg and pray you—
Don't, for land's sake, show his picture!"

When Andrew Johnson went to Chicago to lay the corner-stone of the monument to Stephen A. Douglass, he "swung around the circle" before he went back to the White House, and at each town took occasion to make political speeches with an eye to serving out another term at the White House. He was severely criticised for making political capital out of this journey, and his enemies, to the tune of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," sang—

"Just before the election, Andy,
We are thinking most of you;
While we get our ballots ready—
But, be sure, they're not for you!
No, dear Andy, you'll not get them,
But you'll get what you deserve—
Oh, yes, you'll get your leave of absence
As 'you swing around the curve!'"

CHORUS—

"You have swung around the circle
That you ought to swing, 'tis true;
Oh, you tried to veto Congress,
But, I guess, we'll veto you!"

Grant, like all heroes "fresh from the field," had many eulogies written for him. One of these, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," was very popular at the time of the 1868 campaign—

"Should brave Ulysses be forgot,
Who worked so long and well
On fields where fires of Death were hot
And brave men fought and fell?
"He bore our Country's banner on,
Through scenes of direful strife,
And helped to strike the blow that saved
Our Nation's precious life."

Since Grant's campaigns very few songs have been sung by rival parties. Pros and cons are more briefly shown in cartoons, many of which tell with a single glance what dozens of verses were called upon to do in the old-time campaigns. There was one parody, however, which was very popular with the enemies of Benjamin Harrison, and it was slowly sung to the old tune of "My Grandfather's Clock"—

"His grandfather's hat is too large for his head,
But Ben tries it on, just the same;
It fits him too much, as has sometimes been said
With regard to his grandfather's fame!
It was bought long ago, and it makes a fine show
In the jolly hard cider campaign,
But it won't fit a bit on Young Ben's brain!"

The victorious Republicans were content with remarking, when Harrison did make the hat fit—

"Grover! Grover!
All is over!"

But, four years later, the Democrats jubilantly retorted:

"Four! Four!
Four years more!"

Much of the slang used in campaigns is easily traced to its origin. Some terms are very convenient to express certain conditions, and while we cannot yet claim that they are classical, who can say but that they will become so, as age and usage dignifies them.

"Up Salt River"—a term used to describe political defeat—owes its origin to a river by that name, a branch of the Ohio, running through Kentucky. The best explanation of this term is that, when Henry Clay was running against Jackson, 1832, he employed a boatman to row him up the Ohio towards Louisville, where he was to make a political speech. But the boatman, who was an ardent admirer of Andy Jackson, "missed his way on purpose," and rowed Clay up the Salt River, and "discovered his mistake" too late to get Clay to Louisville in time. This settled Clay, and when the story got

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out the Jacksonians used the term "sent up Salt River" to describe the condition of the defeated.

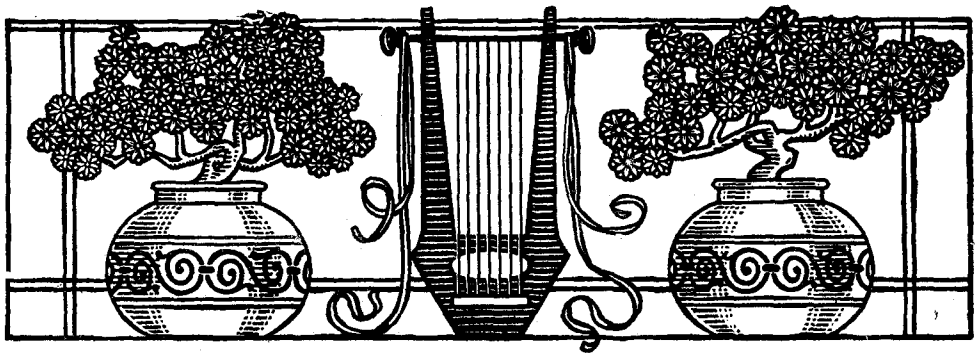
"Another county heard from," words which we hear all about us as we watch the bulletin boards when the returns come in, originated in the presidential campaign of 1876. The southern states, especially Florida, were very slow in sending returns, and as the contest was close every county was watched with great interest, and every time one made a return the cry went up, "Another county heard from!"

"Mending fences" applied to politicians, especially those who are already in office, originated shortly before the Republican convention of 1880. Some newspaper men having sought John Sherman at his Ohio farm, wishing to learn what he was doing at this critical time, and, if possible, to learn if he had an eye on the nomination, were told that Mr. Sherman was out on his farm, "busily mending fences." This phrase is not only used in presidential campaigns, but is commonly used in Washington when the Congressmen go home on their vacations, publishing that they are going to rusticate on their farms, at which the knowing laugh and say, "Oh, he's going to mend his fences—he wants another term."

"Stump speaking" goes back to the earliest campaigns, when the politicians tramped through the country making speeches from any available elevation, more often from the stumps of trees than from bunting-bedecked platforms.

While each campaign has its catchy phrases, but few of them live as the above have done, for common usage does not demand them. Yet, many of them have been powerful factors in making or breaking a man's chance for the presidential chair, and so it behooves all presidential candidates and their prominent supporters to "watch their mouths, lest they put a foot in them."

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.



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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

VIII.

Country and Non-Metropolitan Journalism

By Edmund Ryan and Firmin Dredd

HITHERTO this series of articles has dealt with the journalism which does things on a large scale, which cannot afford to stop to consider questions of money or men; the journalism which, through its achievement or its extravagance, is generally held, both at home and abroad, to reflect the nervous energy, the bubbling activity of contemporary American life. If you will look about a newspaper shop in London or stand before a kiosk on one of the great Paris boulevards you will see displayed the pictorial features of the *Police Gazette,* the gawdy political cartoons of *Puck* and of *Judge,* possibly the *Standard Magazine,* or something of that nature, and copies of such New York papers as the *Herald,* the *World* and the *Journal.* That, argue Frenchmen and Englishmen, is representative of American journalism. To us, of course, this conclusion is obviously absurd. Yet, in a minor way, those of us who dwell in large cities have come to form our estimates of the national newspaper entirely through observations of the tendencies of the metropolitan dailies that are close at hand. We are inclined to ignore the fact that the great majority of American newspaper readers give little time to worrying over the cynicism of the *Sun,* the pessimism of the *Post,* or the flaring headlines of the yellow journals.

One has but to turn to the statistics in any newspaper annual to realize that the "power of the press" is much more far-reaching than that exercised by the daily papers of the great American cities. These cold, hard statistics are a tribute not only to the active four-page daily of the small city from ten to thirty thousand inhabitants; they attest forcibly the genuine influence of the humblest country weekly. Even at that, they fail to do complete justice, because no statistics could adequately show the close relation between the newspaper of the small community and its readers—a relation which could not possibly exist in the case of a newspaper which numbers its daily sales by the hundreds of thousands.

Not only has the country newspaper been the school for many men who afterward attained great eminence in metropolitan journalism, but it has been an almost unequaled school for many who have won for themselves lasting positions in literature. As a writer for the September BOOKMAN told, James Whitcomb Riley's maiden efforts at verse were effusions over the virtues and merits of the *Anderson Democrat.* One of the most interesting chapters in the life of Bret Harte is that which describes his adventures on a little country paper during the pioneer days of California. Mr. William Dean Howells is a proud graduate of a country weekly in Ohio. From this school came Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Edmund Clarence Stedman and many others. What the up-country Indian newspaper meant to Rudyard Kipling, and the inspiration that he drew from the work, may be seen by any one who reads his wonderful description of "putting the paper to bed" in "The Man Who Would Be King."

ORGANISATION OF A SMALL DAILY.

For the paper in the small city, a thorough organisation is as essential as it is in the office of a metropolitan daily; in fact, in the smaller city, the paper without such an organisation would fare much worse than a metropolitan paper, because the latter is bound always to have something with which to fill its columns, no matter how lax the system of the office may be. Its field is pretty much the whole earth; it has the full Associated Press service, the city news associations

NOTE.—The next paper in this series will deal with the workings of the Press Associations. The final paper on The American Newspaper will discuss "The Policy of the Newspaper." It will appear in the December issue.

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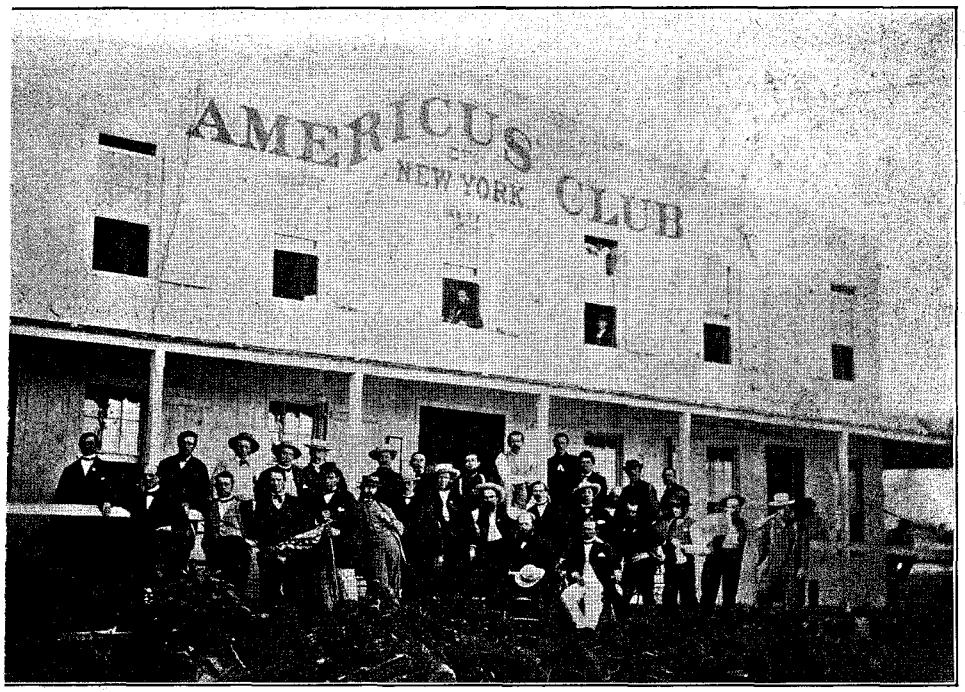
draw from, and scores of other chan-
s. In the New York office the ques-
n is, where to put it all. In the small
y it is, where to get it. Even the pa-
·s in very small cities now have a tele-
ıphic service, but this is merely inci-
ıtal, for the first object of such a paper
to give the local news, and in order to
that, a system must be devised for
/ering the territory in which the paper
culates, and the system must be ad-
red to if the paper is to succeed.

In the first place, the reporter does not

ence of a newspaper. A good portion of it would better never be printed, because, if for nothing else, it is, as a rule, exceedingly dull. Still, it must be confessed that the Police Department does provide a quantity of news every day, and there are so many columns a day that simply must be filled. The Police Department is also a centre for a good deal of news having no bearing on criminal matters. Accidents are reported to headquarters, a patrolman is constantly running across strange incidents which he is willing to



A VERY IMPORTANT NEWS CENTRE IN THE OLD DAYS.
William M. Tweed's Country Club, at Indian Harbour. Mr. Tweed is Seated in the Centre.
From a Painting Which Mr. Tweed Owned.

›ver his territory the way a policeman
›vers his beat. The reporter scenting
ıe gruesome and mysterious, gaping
›out the streets of a city with his note-
›ok in one hand and a pencil in the oth-
r, is only an absurd tradition. A re-
orter may cover an extensive territory
/ithout doing any walking at all. The
olice, of course, are the chief sources of
ıformation. There is not a city in the
ountry without its 300 Mulberry Street.
The importance attached to the ordinary
un of police news is largely a matter of
aste on the part of the controlling influ-

tell the reporter, provided his name can be worked into the story.

THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

Then there are the public offices which have their daily contribution of news—the Town Clerk's office, as they call it in New England, with the land records, death and marriage certificates, and of considerable importance to a paper in a small community, the record of births. The smaller the paper, the more births it will contain. Property transfers are always recorded, so are mortgages, deaths,

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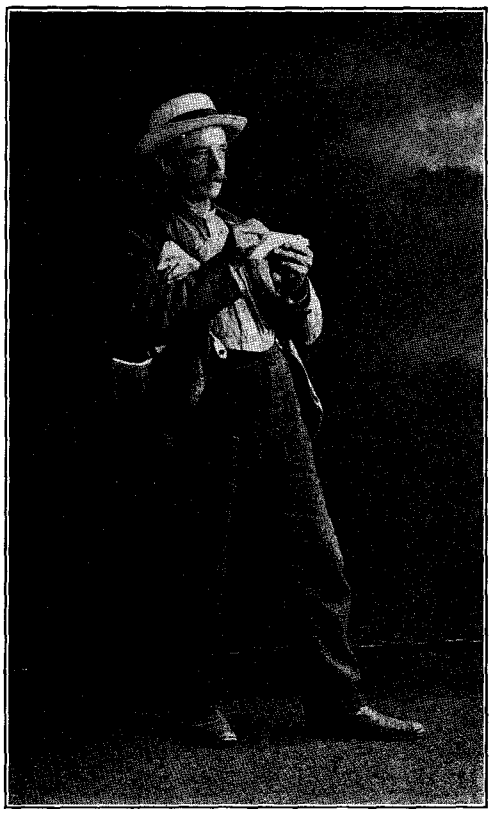
births and marriages, and certificates of attachment. There are often interesting stories back of these formal legal documents. Sudden or accidental deaths must be reported to the coroner—this ancient and dishonored office exists under one name or another in every town—and what the police miss in the line of accidents he is very likely to pick up. The city hospital must be heard from every day, and it is also well for reporters to



A RURAL CORRESPONDENT.

be on good terms with the physicians. Stories of surgical operations are always interesting. The removal of the appendix is a bit commonplace just now, it is true, but there are operations that are not, and they are bound to yield some impossible surgical names, which give the stories a certain impressiveness, if nothing more. If none of these departments should produce sufficient copy, the reporter is sure to find something at the railroad station. If the commuters are in rebellion against the policy of the road, that will yield a good story. If the commuters are all satisfied—why that wou be really a big piece of news, but it wou hardly be worth chronicling. If Jol Smith is living happily with his wife ar family, it is as it should be, but it is n news. The station is a good place for paper so disposed to fill its personal cc umns. Baggage-masters are general talkative and are generally inquisitiv In some such manner as this arrang ments are made, even in the very sma cities, whereby it is almost impossible fc a paper to miss news worth printing. I fairly large cities, those with a popul tion of, say, from twenty thousand to fo ty thousand, all the departments outline here will be covered every day by two r porters, and sometimes by one; where in New York, Chicago and other suc cities, one man will be assigned to eac department. Here we see the princip difference between metropolitan an country reporting—the term country b ing used for what might more accurate ly be called non-metropolitan journalism The country reporter is a rolling ston but, unlike the proverb, if he succeed h must gather moss. He has more respor sibility than a man upon a metropolita paper. His field is not so limited and hi work covers a multitude of differen events. He has more of the prerogative of the editor and fewer of the restraint of the metropolitan reporter.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

This is more clearly shown in politica reporting than in other departments. Th local politician very often is not much o a man, and it does not take a reporte long to find him out. Now, a found ou man is one of the hardest individuals tc get along with, and this may account for the fact that, for the most part, the local reporter and the local politician are not on the most cordial terms. Relatively there is as much graft in the small city as in the metropolis, and there would be a good deal more of it were it not for the local reporters. Papers may be hushed, but reporters cannot be. If a reporter cannot show up a crooked deal in his own columns, he can do it in the out-of-town papers which he serves. Reporters may exist who will sell themselves, but they are few and far between. The successful reporter must keep political friendship well in hand or he will be seriously embarrassed in his work. Al-

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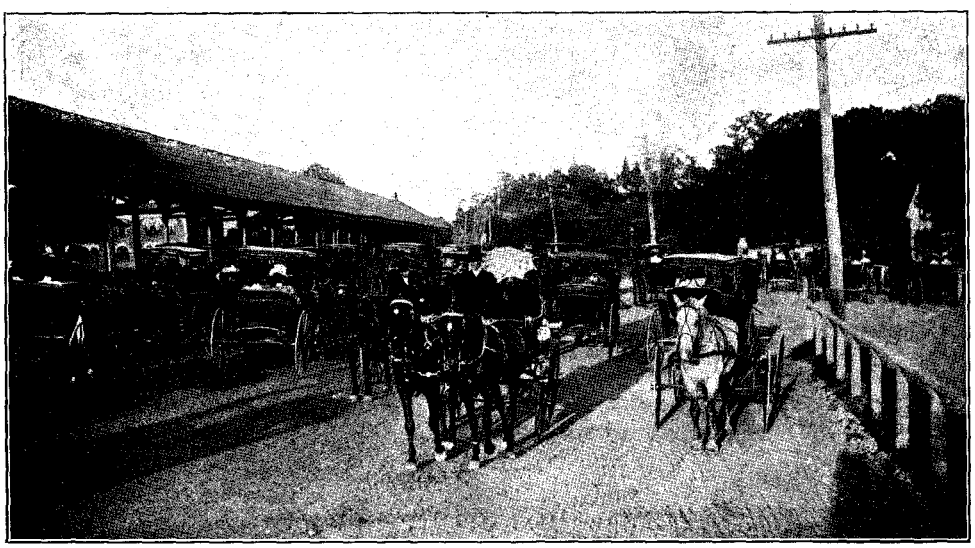
ıough in personal touch with officials ıd politicians every day, he must never ıse sight of the fact that their attitude naturally one of reticence, while his ıust always be that of publicity. Politicians will work the personal equation ıuch more in a small city than in a larger lace. They will threaten a reporter with ıutting off sources of news if he does ot handle them gently, and often the ıreat will be carried out, but a reporter ıat yields once is lost, for he will have ɔ continue his submission indefinitely. 'here is more than one way of getting a iece of news, and the reporter who keeps is head can in the long run beat out the verage politician. It should be remembered that there are many public men whom one never thinks of as politicians, due to the general ill repute of that term, owing to the crowd of professional politicians which every town has to support. With these men, who give the public genuine service, the reporter has no difficulty. He will hold sacred what he hears in confidence, and will always show the utmost consideration in his treatment of news, even though the policy of his paper may be directly opposed to that of the man about whom he is writing. The treatment of public affairs and politics of the smaller cities in the news columns reflects the policy of the paper more than the editorial page does. There is something, after all, in Mr. Jerome's remarks that he would sooner have the headlines with him than the editorials.



"DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS THE RAILWAY STATION MUST BE CLOSELY WATCHED AS AN IMPORTANT NEWS CENTRE."

THE EDITORIAL PAGE.

With a few notable exceptions, the editorial department in the smaller city papers is wretchedly weak, especially so in the treatment of local matters. An illuminating leader in the last "Tokio" about the fall of Port Arthur may be printed, while some live local topic may be passed without a comment. On a matter about which every one is agreed, long editorials may appear, vigorously agreeing with everybody else. In its partisan utterances during a campaign, the editorial of a smaller city is for the most part much more rabid, and therefore much more ridiculous, than that of the metropolitan paper, but local politics are handled gingerly enough in the editorial page, no matter to what excesses the news columns go. In the very small dailies the editorials are supplied in plate, and are necessarily of a perfunctory character. During a political campaign, such papers receive political editorials in plate from the campaign headquarters. This sort of stuff fairly screeches the virtues of the one party and the vices of the other. It is amusing, and probably of no importance whatever in influencing votes. It certainly cannot influence an intelligent

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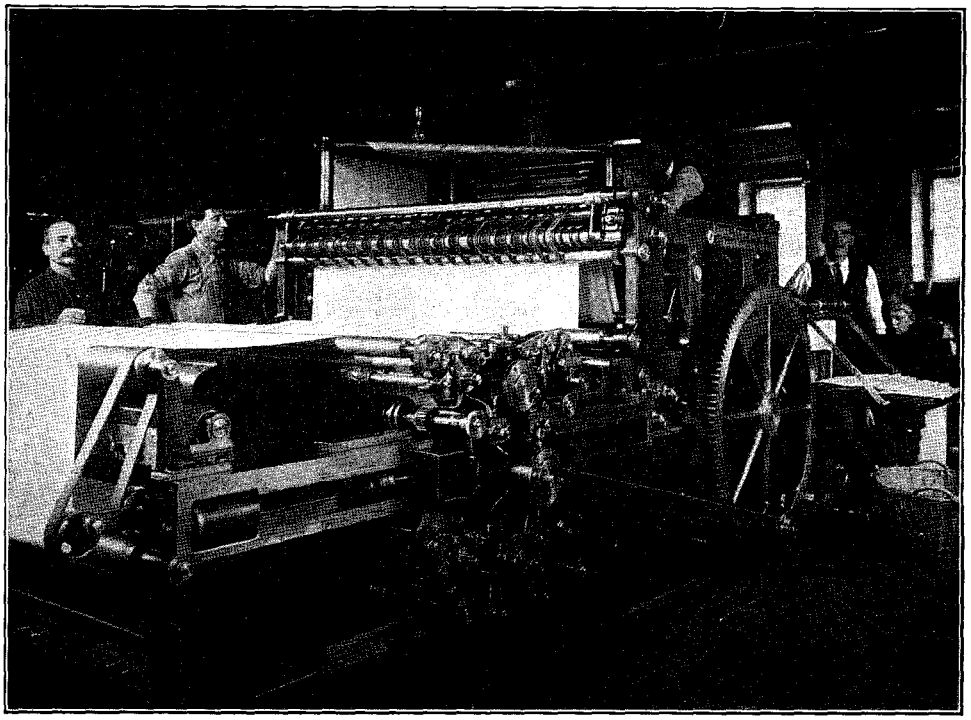
man, and the unintelligent are unalterably partisan, or else vote at a price. The indiscriminate use of plate editorials may cause embarrassment. A paper once lost its entire W. C. T. U. support because one of these editorial paragraphs mildly recommended the army canteen. The "editor" of the paper never saw the paragraph until the temperance women "got after him."

THE PERSONAL COLUMN.

The personal column is a department which must not be neglected. Many of these personals are contributed—a post card is mailed to the office or a boy is sent around with a note containing the important news that Miss Jones, who is in charge of the ribbon counter at the popular store, has gone to Asbury Park for two weeks, or maybe it is the leader of the local society set who has gone to the Adirondacks, in which case it won't be necessary to send a postal card, for the coachman will drop into the office with the glad tidings. The social leader in question will, of course, pretend to outraged feelings and unutterable disgust. However, with all the cynicism that the personal column arouses in th newspaper man, it must be admitted tha newspaper readers like it. The pape which has the most of those items in particular city is generally the paper wit the largest circulation, and the paper wit the largest circulation is a paper that get the most for its advertising space. Al the personal items are not contributed and there are persons who really dislik to see their names in print. Reporter are, as a rule, considerate of such per sons—more so than they get credit for— and it seldom happens that persons ap pear in the personal columns to whom newspaper notice is honestly distasteful There are times, to be sure, when such will be the case. As a general rule, one may depend upon it that the personal columns cause more self-adoration than annoyance. As all newspaper readers may observe, the department is full to overflowing every day.



THE PRESS ROOM OF A SMALL DAILY.

THE MAN WITH AN AXE.

The bogey of every newspaper office is a man with an axe to grind. In the smaller cities he is a nuisance. He is the same sort of a fellow wherever he is

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met—a cranky, penurious bore, who has not the courage of his own narrow mind. If his neighbor's chickens bother him, he will want an item about it which will contain a slap at the owner of the chickens. He may be in business, and will contribute an item which seems all right on its face, but will have hidden between the lines a dig at a competitor. He is constantly asking the paper to tell the officials what to do, but will not go to the officials themselves, nor make a complaint against them. The pity of it is that in the hurry of newspaper work, the man gets his axe ground too often. Newspaper men are on guard against him, but, sharp as they may be, he often scores his point.

BRINGING IN THE RURAL CORRESPONDENT'S WEEKLY BUDGET.

THE OBITUARY.

Next in the nuisance line comes the local poet. The death of a baby always brings him out (truthfulness yields to gallantry in the pronoun), and the baby is sure to be snatched away by a grim monster. Not long ago a poetical obituary was offered at a certain newspaper office, with a timid inquiry as to the cost of publishing it. One of the office assistants thought he saw an easy way out of it and said five dollars. A five-dollar bill was produced immediately, and then the office man was asked if a pro rata fee would be charged for extra verses. "People like to read nothing better than obituaries," once said a famous New York city editor, and the obituary department is one of the most interesting of the smaller papers. The man who writes it must affect something of that marvellously well balanced poise of the undertaker—that sombre, sad and yet not sad face which hides the thought as to whether or not "the case" was insured. A man may have led ever so commonplace a life, but in death he is an old and respected citizen—generally honest, too. The qualities, which, as Mr. Dooley suggests, the average man must have in order to keep out of jail are surpassing virtues the moment he ceases to need them. The obituary notice is harmless, and most people may find consolation in it. It should be remembered that an exalted obituary is not peculiar to the country paper. Every one remembers how the New York papers praised the late Robert G. Ingersoll because he had been a faithful husband and a loving and kind father.

THE EXAGGERATIVE SENSE.

This brings to mind one great fault with newspapers, both in the country and in the city—the tendency to absurd exaggeration, the slop-over about the man who has done something praiseworthy, and the fierce attacks upon the man who comes in for the general censure. There

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have been notable instances of this sort of thing: Judge Parker's dispatch to Mr. Sheehan at St. Louis, and, a year ago, Sam Parks. Sam Parks was proved to be an extortionist and had a thoroughly bad record. But really he was not the first bad man to turn up in New York, nor was the gentle art of extortion so entirely new as to warrant the fuss that the New York papers made about it. If the newspapers which supported Mayor Low in the last city campaign had exhibited just one occasional bit of sanity in their treatment of Col. McClellan, the majority against Mr. Low might not have been so large. Col. McClellan hit right home when he said that no party has a monopoly of virtue or of vice. Some papers, in their zeal for what they called decency, were positively indecent. There was something very similar in the city of Bridgeport last spring. Mayor Mulvihill, known as "the stoker mayor," because he had been a factory fireman, was a candidate for re-election. He had not made a good record, and in the ordinary course of events would have been beaten, but some Bridgeport papers started a hue and cry that the city was wide open just because Mulvihill was mayor, and made a vicious personal attack upon him. Seasoned Bridgeporters could see delicious humour in this belated discovery of vice, but newspapers, like individuals, lose their sense of humour when they lose their heads. Mulvihill was, of course, re-elected.

THE EDITORIAL ROOM OF A SMALL DAILY.

REWARDS OF LOCAL JOURNALISM.

Local journalism is largely its own reward, at least as far as the professional part of the work goes. The owners of most papers make a fair profit. In smaller cities it is difficult to ascertain accurately just what the profit of the paper is, because generally a printing shop is run in conjunction with it, and one helps the other. The salaries of the writers of the smaller papers is less than would be obtained by a similar amount of work in many other professions or trades. If money were the only recompense of local journalism, then one had better turn his energies in other channels. The same comment, however, is made by all familiar with the salaries paid by the leading metropolitan journals. The expenses of the local paper are rather heavy. The

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readers seem to demand some sort of a telegraphic service. In the cities of twenty thousand population nearly all the papers now have an Associated Press service, at a cost of upwards of two hundred dollars a week. For the smaller places a less detailed service may be obtained at various prices as low as $10 a week in some cases. Some smaller papers receive a bulletin service from the concern which provides them with plate matter, and the cost of this is merely the tele-

IN THE COMPOSING ROOM.

graphic tolls. Only news of great importance is sent out in this way, and therefore the paper depending on it can scarcely be said to have a telegraphic service at all. Plate matter is not deserving of the abuse that it receives. Many good stories are served in this shape. The news plate for afternoon papers is made up several hours after the morning papers go to press, and will often contain later news than the early editions of the metropolitan papers. Plate matter may be bought at from twenty-five cents to a dollar a column. The plate enterprise has been so much developed lately that the smaller papers can make about as good a showing with photographs as though they had an art department. Hence the obscurest country daily may adorn its columns with a picture of the baby Alexis, just like the yellowest of the city journals.

The equipment of a metropolitan daily depends largely upon local conditions. As a general rule it may be said that the town gets about the sort of paper it wishes—it seldom gets a better one. Therefore, as is the way with all commercial enterprises, the business office is constantly on the alert to obtain the maximum of results with the minimum of expenditure.

LOCAL NEWSPAPER STAFFS.

The newspaper readers in a town within one hundred miles of New York will not stand for the sort of a paper that the reader will in a town of the same size up in Vermont—if one may use a pet newspaper expression, which Mr. Jerome has condoned, if not justified. The circulation of the Vermont paper may be larger than that of the other—in fact, it probably is much larger, and the same income

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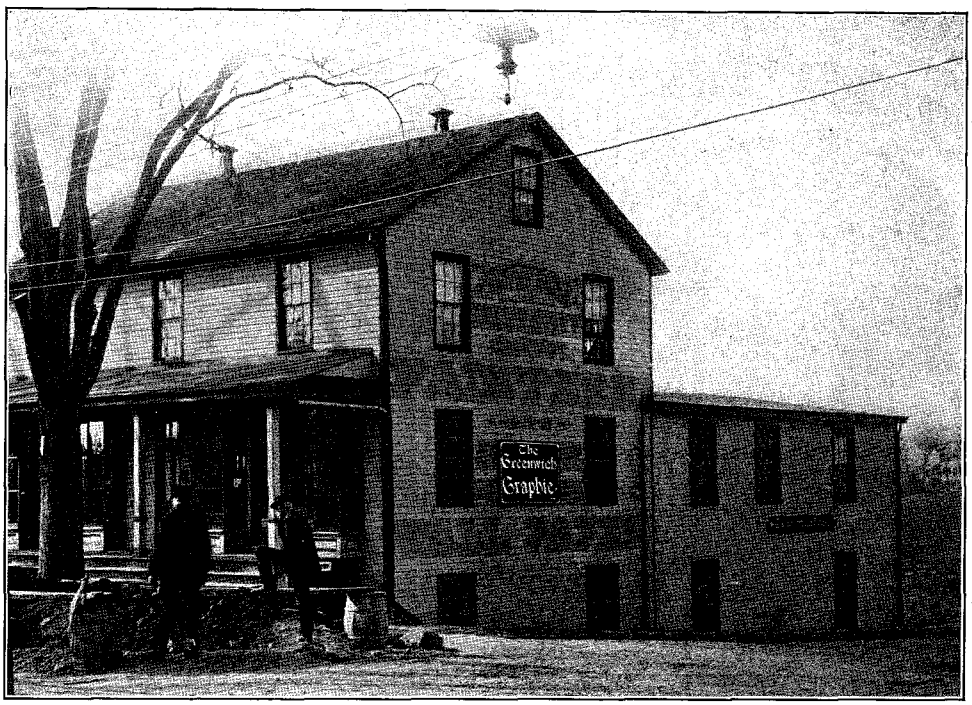
may be received from advertisements, but a much poorer paper is produced. This condition, however, is not peculiar to the newspaper business, but the fact remains that the Vermont newspaper is printed at little expense, as there is no outside competition, and the gross earnings are about as large as that of a paper near New York. One editor, one reporter, a telegraph operator (if the paper has a telegraphic service), two linotype operators, a pressman and an assistant would be all the staff required to get out our Vermont newspaper, and this in a



THE HOUSING OF A COUNTRY WEEKLY.

town of from twenty thousand to forty thousand population. Here is the actual working force of an afternoon paper in a town of twenty thousand population within fifty miles of New York or Chicago: An editor-in-chief, who writes editorials and generally oversees the make-up of the paper; a news editor, who is also a proofreader, makes assignments, edits the telegraphic matter, and oversees the make-up of the paper; two reporters, whose sole business is to write the news of the town; an advertising solicitor, a telegraph operator, and about ten regular correspondents in the nearby towns and rural districts, who are paid space rates for their contributions. This is simply the news staff. In the composing room, the paper has three linotype machines, with an operator for each, the make-up man and an assistant, all of whom give their time exclusively to the mechanical part of issuing the paper. The operatives of the press—a large Cox Duplex—and the bookkeeper in the counting-room are not included, because only part of their time each day is devoted to the newspaper proper. The circulation of this paper is upwards of four thousand a day, and it sells for two cents a copy. This outfit, it is true, turns out a very trim looking paper, much better than the example taken in Vermont would be, but yet it is not up to the standard that the people of that town would like. The reason for this is that the newspaper readers there gauge the local paper by the *Sun, Tribune* and the *Times,* and many of them, no doubt, the *Journal,* and they find it is lacking. The sustained mirth of the *Sun,* the quaint loftiness of the *Tribune,* and the profound superiority of the *Times* are not apparent in the local paper, and, of course,

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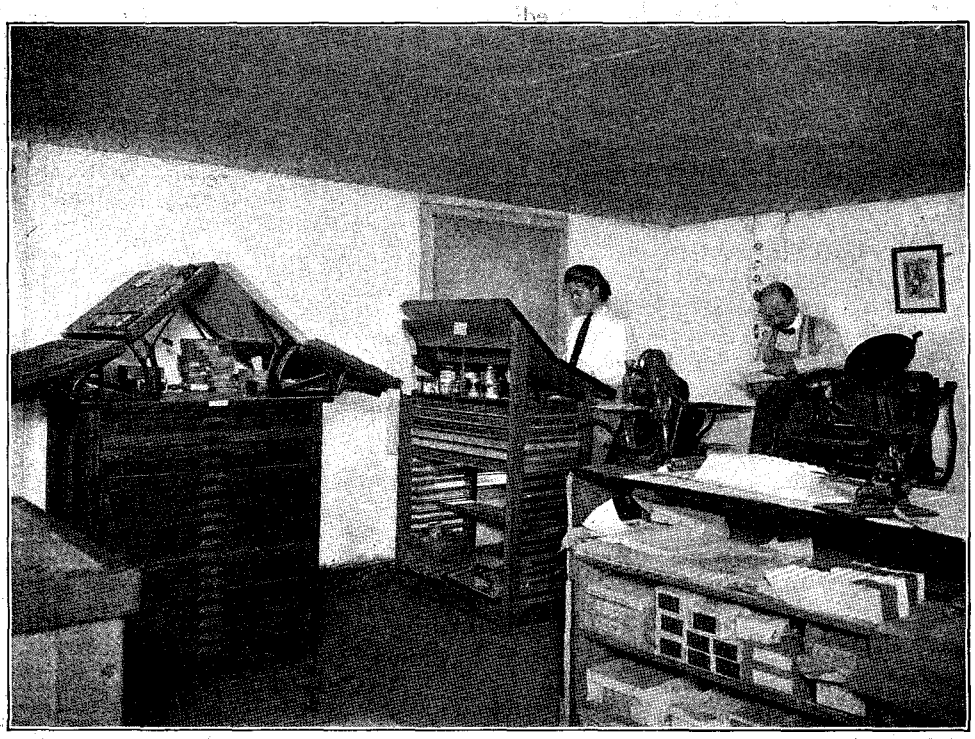
t does not offer a reward of $10,000 for the recovery of a local Marion Clark, nor does it get much encouragement to run its proprietor for President. The net earnings of an individual paper is not within the scope of this article, but some idea of the outlay necessary to issue a paper in a small town where the standards are high may be obtained by continuing a story of this particular town a bit further. The paper which we have been talking about has been for two years the only one in the town, but for ten years previously it engaged in active competition with several other papers, all of which have now been lost by the wayside. During the two years that the paper has been alone in its territory, several tentative negotiations have been begun to start an opposition paper. One interest which took the matter up seriously made a careful examination of the field, talked with experienced newspaper men in that town, and arrived at the conclusion that if an opposition paper were to have a ghost of a chance of succeeding, it would require at the very outset an investment of twenty thousand dollars. That amount was not invested in the enterprise, and it probably never will be, for the excellent reason that it would yield a much better return in many other channels. A capital of $5,000 would be sufficient for a bright newspaper and to give our Vermont paper quite a go of it.



A CORNER IN THE OFFICE OF A COUNTRY WEEKLY.

RURAL JOURNALISTS.

As the editor in the large city has his cub reporter, so the editor in the smaller places has his "jay" reporter, who at times must be depended upon to provide news which is not last week's. Word was received at an office along towards noon one day that a man had been burned to death in a barn in the rural districts. The correspondent for that district happened to be in the office at the time, and as it was a busy day and it was thought he would be familiar with the country names, he was hustled off in a fast team to get the story. He spent a full hour in writing it, and when the city editor turned the copy over to an asisstant to have it boiled down to five hundred words it was discovered that a soul-stirring essay on death by fire was there, but not a

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single name, not even the name of the man who owned the barn, and, worse, not even the name of the man who had been burned. One of those rural journalists—they love that name in the country—once wrote up a wedding magnificently. There was no doubt left that the bride was pretty, that the pearls were real and that the wedding gifts came from Tiffany's. The correspondent was hanging around the press room all afternoon in great anxiety to get the first copy, to see how the story looked in print. After writing it a dozen times with manifest pride, he drawled out to the city editor, "Rather interestin' feature of that 'ere wedding—the groom went an' fell stiff as a log in a faint just as he 'orter have said 'Yes,' but I sort of thought it would spoil the story to mention it." The only thing that saved that man was the fact that the journalists who had supplied the wedding to the other papers in town that afternoon sort of thought so too.

JOURNALISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

Even in the remote West the journalism of vituperation and physical violence is becoming rarer every day. Very few newspapers now indulge in the sort of epithets with which the elder Bennett and James Watson Webb used daily to pelt each other. Occasionally we read of sensational criminal libel suits, of a South Carolina or Georgia or Dakota editor being shot down by a politician who fancied himself wronged, the yawps of Colonel Henry Watterson still have a dwindling school of admirers, yet these are the exceptions, the general trend of American journalism being towards conservatism and good manners. The duelling, brawling, fire-eating editor of ante-bellum days has become an anachronism. From time to time, however, some paper will spring up to revive during its brief lifetime old journalistic methods and ideas. There was a peculiar case of this sort in a New Jersey city, not fifteen miles from New York, less than ten years ago. The two men mainly responsible for the ensuing trouble we shall call Brown and Jones, the paper we shall dub *The New Jersey Record,* and the city Eleanor. None of these names, of course, is the right one. Late in November Brown and Jones obtained control of the *Record,* which for a long time had been a moribund afternoon daily, with a genuine circulation of seventeen copies. That the subsequent career of the paper was in every respect sensational is conclusively proved by the brief statement that one day in the following February it attained an actual circulation of nine thousand, and that by the first of May the circulation of actual subscribers had fallen to little more than one hundred. Brown and Jones began with the conviction that a newspaper that was always abusing somebody or everybody would make interesting reading, and would be certain of a large success. Others have erred along the same lines, and in following out their scheme these editors were not in the least hampered by ideas of dignity or discretion. The paper under their control, the campaign was begun immediately. The victim selected for their first attack was a gentleman who expected to receive the Republican nomination for the New Jersey State Assembly, and soon there began appearing in the editorial columns of the *Record* leaded paragraphs, growing daily bolder, containing hints and threats of revelations concerning his private life in the event of his receiving and accepting the nomination. These paragraphs undoubtedly sold papers, but they provoked indignation in the community and aroused universal sympathy for the unfortunate object of attack. The night of the convention, which was held in one of the Eleanor theatres, arrived. Brown and Jones flooded the hall with dodgers (small hand-bills), reading, "——— will not accept." ——— was greeted with uproarious enthusiasm, and he was nominated by acclamation. But the joy of his adherents was short-lived. ——— himself, with a face white as a sheet, made his way slowly to the platform, pointed at Brown and Jones, who were seated in a box, holding in their hands the obnoxious "dodgers," and said, "Gentlemen, two hounds are after me, and I can't accept."

TACKLING THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

At the *Record* office this was considered a decided achievement, and the paper straightway turned its guns on the city government in general, and the Mayor in particular. The fact that the government was, in the main, a pretty good one, and the Mayor a pretty good mayor, made absolutely no difference. There were flaws to be picked out, and the exploita-

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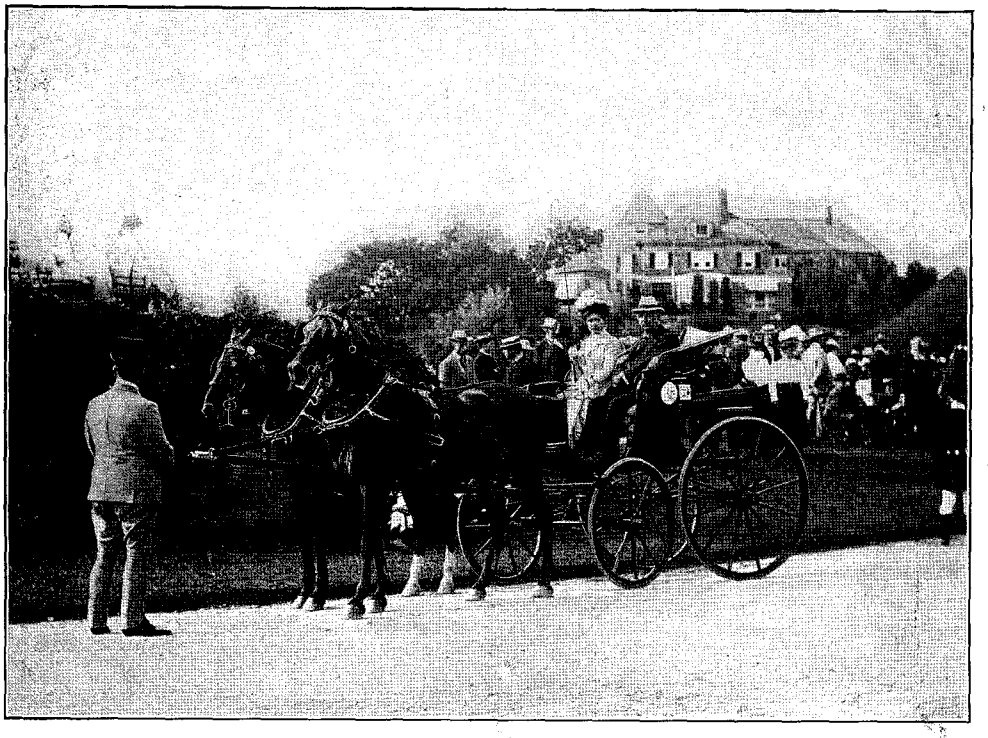
tion of these flaws meant the sale of papers. So the campaign began on a broad scale. *Record* reporters were sent out through the city in search of violations of saloon laws and other iniquities, with the cast-iron instructions that they must find them. No device of exaggeration or of lurid language was ignored. In *Record* "copy" the back room of a saloon where longshoremen gathered to drink beer and listen to the cracked voices of antiquated soubrettes became a carnival of oriental debauchery. A sixteen page edition of the *Record*, made up mainly of "revelations" of this sort, constituted the paper's arraignment of the city. As for the Mayor, they went back to their former method, hinting darkly at awful misdeeds in his private life, and asserting boldly that they "held the proof." That issue of the *Record* aroused the community as it had never been aroused before. Some clergymen thundered in their pulpits in denouncement of what they termed "the infamous edition." Among the people in the street there was vague talk of burning the *Record* office and lynching the editors. *Record* delivery wagons passing through the poorer quarters of the city were pelted with vegetables. *Record* reporters were literally thrown off doorsteps and hustled out of saloons, but nine thousand copies of "the infamous edition" were sold the night that it appeared.



"A BIG FEATURE OF THE SEASON'S NEWS IS THE LOCAL HORSE SHOW."

RETALIATION.

But this triumph was merely momentary. The Mayor was of sterner stuff than the candidate for the Assembly, who had been unable to stand up against the newspaper's fire. He was biding his time. And other active forces were at work. Among the many victims of the *Record's* attack was the Police Department, which had been roundly scored on account of a patrol wagon which had been purchased without the knowledge or consent of the Common Council. The heads of the Police Department thereupon registered a grim vow that the editor of the *Record* should ride to jail in the patrol wagon in question. The editor did. This ride took place in a certain day in March. Early in the morning of that day Brown, on his way to the newspaper office, was seized by two detectives, marched to the

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Police Headquarters and confronted with a charge of criminal libel involving twenty-six separate counts brought by the Mayor. The police justice fixed a bail of five hundred dollars for each count, thereby naming the prohibitive sum of thirteen thousand dollars which the editor would have been obliged to furnish to secure temporary liberty. He could not, of course, have furnished any material part of that sum, so with considerable ceremony the abused patrol waggon was brought to the door of Police Headquarters, and seated between two negro prisoners, the editor was triumphantly paraded through the streets and locked up in the county jail. The *Record* printed some eight or nine separate editions that afternoon and evening, each more violent than the one preceding it, and each containing some fresh outburst of vague but emphatic vituperation against the Mayor; nevertheless, the editor still stayed in jail, and he stayed there a very long time.

THE IRRESPONSIBLES.

The other editor, Jones, was employed as an editorial writer on a New York afternoon paper, and it was comparatively little of his time that he could devote to the affairs of the *Record*. So with Brown in jail and Jones in New York, the work of running the paper was in the hands of the managing editor and city editor, two callow youths of twenty-four and twenty-two years of age, respectively, who delighted to think of themselves as journalists with a capital "J," and who in their blessed innocence and abounding enthusiasm had not the slightest idea of the gravity of the situation confronting them. The elder of the two had knocked about for a few years on papers in Pennsylvania and the Middle West. The experience of the other had been confined to work on two or three country weeklies and to sending along to New York papers various items of local news, some of which were printed and some of which were not. His association with the *Record* began in a way that was beautifully typical of that paper's policy. He had applied for the position of *Record* correspondent from a nearby city, and the place had been given him. He knew little or nothing of the *Record's* new policy, so his budget of news for the first three days was of a purely conventional nature. The fourth day there happened to be no news to be chronicled, so to fill the space he sat down in perfect good nature and indited an inflammatory "roast" of the proprietor and editor of one of the local papers. It was not that he had any ill will against the man in question or that he was intentionally malicious. He merely thought at the time that that was the way to go about becoming a journalist. He had grave doubts as to the *Record's* printing his diatribe, and so it was to his utmost astonishment that he found it featured under scare-heads on the front page, and a little later received a peremptory telegram insisting on his coming to Eleanor and joining the *Record's* regular staff.

Work on the *Record* was naturally of a kind to foster the absurd and sensational ideas of these young men on the subject of journalism. They stalked the streets with mysterious airs. They delighted in rolling off their pens glib aphorisms about "the power of the press" and "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." One night a Board of Trade dinner, an event of vast importance and interest to the community, was held in the Opera House, and while representatives of the two other local papers were cordially invited, no one connected with the *Record* was allowed to be present. Nevertheless, the next day the paper printed over a page about the affair, describing it with great accuracy. The two young men had made their notes while lying under benches in the gallery. They plumed themselves at the time that this was a great feat of journalism.

In such irresponsible hands the tone of the *Record* became more extravagant than ever. It amused the young men hugely to vie with each other in seeing which could compose the most libellous copy. They were aware of the fact that warrants calling for their arrest as accessories were in existence, but the idea of being sent to jail appealed to them merely as a huge joke. In fact, as each day passed without any action being taken, they felt grievously disappointed, looked at each other suspiciously and dubiously, and wondered whether they had not proved comparative failures. The jailed editor, like Frankenstein, had in them builded up a monster to destroy him.

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From behind the bars he kept sending urgent requests and orders that they be more temperate in their utterances. But it was of no avail.

THE SPURIOUS TELEGRAM.

The Monday afternoon following the editor's arrest, the paper, as usual, went to press at three o'clock. A few minutes after that hour a messenger boy appeared with a telegram, which, being opened, was found to read as follows: "To ———, Editor of the *Record*. Our fight is over. Yours is but begun. In God's name you will triumph—*Dr. Parkhurst.*" This telegram seemed to have brought into the fight a powerful ally, and the young men were naturally elated. There entered into their heads absolutely no doubt of the genuineness of the message, which was set up and featured boldly across the first page of the *Record,* the presses having been stopped for that purpose. The next morning, however, they felt a sort of vague uneasiness, which changed to positive consternation, when they read the rival local papers and were confronted by such startling headlines as "DESPERATION OF DEVILTRY—THE RECORD PRINTS A FORGED TELEGRAM." The charge was quite true. The Chief of Police had gone to New York to see Dr. Parkhurst, who denied flatly any knowledge of the telegram or of the state of affairs in Eleanor. To this day the young men have never learned who was the author of the telegram which they greeted with such blissful credulity. At the time, the exposure of its spurious nature reduced them to a state of absolute collapse. When they had recovered sufficiently to face the situation it was decided that the older of the two should hunt up the absent Jones, and that the younger should visit Dr. Parkhurst, to see if there might not be some mistake about the story of the Chief of Police. The latter found that there was no mistake. "I have many friends in jail," said the doctor, genially, "but ——— ——— does not happen to be among them."

The mission of the other young man was more fruitful. Jones thought that the best way of explaining the discredited telegram was to "pitch into" the person who had sent it, so to this end he indited a screed for which one can find very few parallels in recent journalism. The greater portion of this screed, which appeared duly the next day, cannot be printed here, but the following sentences will give a good idea of its nature. "The man who sent that telegram to our imprisoned editor," it began, "is the basest of mankind. He is capable of any sacrilege, outrage or crime. He would * * * * * * * play a game of cards on his father's coffin, or drink the wine of a riotous revel of debauchery and lust out of his mother's skull." A thousand words couched in this strain, and featured on the first page in bold type, was thought to prove a perfectly adequate counterblast to the exposure of the spurious telegram.

Many pages of THE BOOKMAN might be filled with the story of the *Record* during the next few weeks. Discredited the paper was, and its influence on the wane, yet hardly a day passed that did not bring its particular sensation or adventure. In its last convulsive shudder it espoused the cause of one of the candidates in the spring mayoralty contest, and by its championship largely contributed to his overwhelming defeat. Brown, after languishing five weeks in the county jail, was finally released and soon disappeared from the knowledge of Eleanor. Jones, according to the last accounts, was a Populist campaign orator. As for the young men, let us fervently hope that they have come to see the error of their ways, and have cast aside that early, deeply-rooted belief that the true function of a great journalist is to write vague libel and to be thrown off doorsteps.

THE OUT OF TOWN CORRESPONDENT.

For years people who have been in the habit of travelling by a certain afternoon local train which comes up along the New Jersey coast, stopping at every station, have noticed a stout man, whose unusual actions have aroused considerable curiosity. This man always occupies the last right hand seat in the second car from the end of the train. The window is invariably open, and at each station the man's hand mechanically reaches out and grasps bulky envelopes, which are handed to him by men on the station platform. The man is a newspaper carrier. His business is to receive the various budgets of news of minor importance from out of town correspondents all along the line and to distribute them at the offices of the various New York papers to which they

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are addressed. In this way there is saved a vast telegraphic expense, which would be quite unnecessary and in many cases useless. For there are very few of the out of town correspondents in whose judgment and ability city editors have enough confidence to give them *carte blanche* in the matter of making use of the telegraph wires.

The out of town correspondent is not a type essentially, for he varies widely in the matter of age and equipment. In a great many cases he is a young man who, in connection with working on the local paper, sends along odds and ends of news to the metropolitan dailies as a stepping stone to higher journalistic achievement. At times he is the local paper's foreman, possessing through long experience a crude and unimaginative, but sound sense of news, together with an utter inability to use the English language, which, however, does not in the least disturb his employers. At times you meet among these out of town correspondents characters who would have delighted the whimsical fancy of Dickens. There is the man who for years has been contributing poems to the column of the local paper, and who late in life decides to plunge into the vortex of newspaper work. The humble capacity in which he serves does not in the least interfere with his estimate of the greatness of his calling. With notebook and pencil, he is everywhere, at all times. With a gravity which is perfectly delicious he will refer to a period of few years back by saying, "That was a time when I was not so well known in journalism as I am now." A few years ago the out of town correspondents of a small New Jersey city foregathered and each took unto himself the name of some editor of national reputation. One gravely announced that he considered himself the local Charles A. Dana. Another found a certain resemblance between the distinctive features of his own work and that of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. For months afterwards, without the semblance of a smile, they used to address one another as Mr. Dana, Mr. Reid, Colonel Watterson and Mr. Godkin.

But comparatively humble as the task of the out of town correspondent is, contrasted with the exciting routine of the trained reporter on a great metropolitan daily, the former for all that has an interesting and varied life. In many instances he has a corner on news, and this gives him an importance which cannot be attained often by the regular staff man of a paper in a large city. Both the press associations and the large city papers are quite dependent upon the country reporter every day for a large portion of their news. Like the proverbial chain, which is no stronger than its weakest link, the efficiency of a news gathering agency must be measured by the activity and trustworthiness of its correspondents, and these correspondents, with the exception of those in important centers, are all country reporters. Even in the news centers, where an agency will have an office, dependence is in turn placed upon the news gatherers in the outlying districts. The country reporter is generally appreciated by the city papers. The city editor knows that something has happened at a certain place which his paper must tell about in the morning, and he further knows that there is just one man there who can get it for him. At least there is only one who can be depended upon to send the story in that night, and it is marvellous the way the value of a news item will shrink in twenty-four hours. So it comes about that the city paper tries to keep on good terms with the out of town correspondent—the plain "country reporter," as he is dubbed in Park Row. If the editor sometimes receives a raft of "josh" news about a barn dance, coupled with a picture of Hiram Smith's new barn, he will send it back with the politest note to the effect that the forms for the Sunday edition were closed Tuesday, and this did not reach the office until Wednesday morning. There are, of course, occasions when patience is not a virtue, even when dealing with country reporters. For instance, an enterprising correspondent not far from New York, but so far that a staff man could not conveniently be sent out at night, had a habit of "querying" his city paper every dull day something in this fashion: "Town aroused early this morning by loud noise —must be earthquake or dynamite. Big mystery. How much?"

This was too much for the man at the city desk, after two orders resulted in tales from a night policeman, who wanted his villagers to know that something could keep him awake. The third time

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he query was received this injunction vas sent back by wire:

"Send no more earthquake queries unless Hell blows up."

Occasionally a whiff of the night before can be detected, as was the case when this reply was received by a correspondent who queried about a wreck at Cos Cob:

"Your Cos Cob query indefinite—train wreck, shipwreck, wreck from drink?"

HIS EARNINGS.

The rule with all correspondents is that a brief bulletin, or query, to use the trade term, on all news matter be sent to the main office as early as possible. Then a message is sent out indicating how many words are desired; but nine times out of ten the correspondent will send as many as he feels like. The correspondent generally serves more than one city paper. There are some in favorite news resorts who serve five or six, and they make a fair living out of it. The New York morning papers pay from six to eight dollars a column. A Boston paper pays half a cent a word. The writer knows of no paper which has a rate of one cent a line, notwithstanding all the talk there is about "penny-a-liners." It is not a hard matter to work up a quarter of a column or so on almost any interesting incident that may turn up in a correspondent's territory. This sent to five papers would mean ten dollars for the correspondent, which is relatively better pay than many a staff man receives in the city. There is, however, little dependence to be placed on such an income, because a month might pass when a correspondent could not land a paragraph in one paper, but, taking it all the year around, an active correspondent ought to knock out fair compensation in this sort of work. He will, however, need regular connection with a local paper. One correspondent in a town within thirty miles of New York, who received a regular salary from a local paper, made six hundred dollars last year in outside work. This was for tele-

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONNECTICUT MAYORS' ASSOCIATION.

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"THE ANNUAL CLAM BAKE OF THE FIREMEN AND POLICEMEN MUST BE DULY COVERED."

THE NEWSBOY CORPS OF A SMALL CITY.

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graphic matter and was exclusive of compensation he received for special stories which he occasionally turned out, and for which he of course had just as open a field as any other writer. The correspondents serving New York papers make more money than others and can arouse more interest in what they write. There are a multitude, however, who merely serve papers in smaller cities, and they, too, contribute their mite every day to the news of the world, that is, to all of it that gets into print.

HIS LATITUDE.

The counry correspondent has a good deal of individual latitude in his treatment of news. If a railroad wreck occur in some out of the way place, and that is just where a wreck always will occur, the city paper cannot cover it from the office. Hence all dependence must be placed on the lone correspondent nearest the scene, and the impression which the country will get the next morning of that wreck depends pretty much on how that lone correspondent handles it. One can readily see how public opinion can be shaped, or at least directed along a certain path, by a twist or a turn in ordinary news reports. There are, to be sure, definite limits to this latitude, but on the whole it is much broader than that of the city reporter, and if cleverly handled can do a great deal of mischief from certain points of view. If a correspondent would deliberately send his paper an utterly false report, he would not only lose his position, but would miss whatever end he might have had in view because the report would be conspicuously corrected the next day. It is possible to work in a twist or two in a news item without deliberate falsification. The correspondent who has the knack of doing this, and has a territory at all productive of news, can worry people who are self-important and turn in an odd dollar in the bargain. On the whole, the territory is perhaps not as important as the man.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in a lecture in Darien, Connecticut, not long ago, said that all the town required was a Stevenson or a Burns and the forlorn hills and crooked highways would at once resound with thrilling tales of adventure or with poetry. So it might be said that if a lively correspondent were to drop down to Darien for a time, the town would be known from one end of the country to the other. He would see things in a newsy way, and if he did stretch his imagination a bit, why, no one would be the wiser—the natives would not contradict him because they would enjoy the notoriety.

FAKING.

The term fake is not used here to mean a false report. That sort of faking, as has been said before, would not pay. It is rather the working up of a good story on some unique incident, which to the casual observer would not appear of general interest, but can be whipped into very readable copy if properly treated. One of the most profitable and widely read fakes of this kind was that relating to a field trial for kittens which the Connecticut Cat Club announced as a feature of its annual show a year ago. Scarcely any attention was paid to the announcement until the Mayor of the city where the show was to be held—a Mayor who had a pronounced faculty of getting himself talked about—happened to see it. He immediately decided that a mouse-killing contest among kittens would be cruel; told the president of the club so, and also told the local reporter, who proceeded to do the rest. Some thought at the time the attention the papers gave to the affair was silly; serious persons saw in it a further decline in the press, others looked upon it as the work of a press agent, which it was not; but the important thing for the reporter who started it was that it had qualities which "caught on" with newspaper editors, who are paid for knowing what people like to read. A fake which had a flimsy foundation was worked to some extent last winter. Some girls at a fashionable boarding school were seen carrying stones to a lot near the school. The local reporter learned, or just thought, that the girls were going to build a chapel. He had it "on the wire" a short time later, with the additional information that courses in masonry and carpentering were to be added to the curriculum before the spring term, when the girls would begin active building operations. What the story lacked in fact it made up in timeliness, for it was sent out during the Christmas vacation. All the pupils and the faculty were away, and there was no one in authority to contradict the story, because the few em-

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ployees about the place rather liked the notoriety.

This may sound fakey, but it is absolute truth—the very man who was responsible for the chapel story, some years ago was himself fooled, and in turn fooled a leading New York paper, on the ancient Timothy Hay joke. He solemnly telegraphed his paper and the paper solemnly printed—that one Timothy Hay was caught between the blades of a mowing machine in Round Hill, near Greenwich, and was crushed to death. The reporter has never told whether or not that yarn got past the auditor. Correspondents sometimes learn that persistency pays. A long story on Connecticut politics was once telegraphed to a New York paper. The next day the correspondent received it by mail, neatly typewritten and accompanied by a note saying that the editor did not as yet care for editorials from his correspondents, and when he did he would not have them telegraphed. The reporter immediately placed the story in another envelope and sent it to another paper to which he was an occasional contributor. The paper used most of it. The first paper would probably have used it had it not been for the nerve that the correspondent displayed in telegraphing it.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

FROM a purely spectacular point of view, no presidential campaign begins much earlier than the last week in September. It is then that the stump-speakers become vociferous, the brass bands obstreperous, and the red-fire vividly ubiquitous. The mails are loaded with party pamphlets. Betting grows brisk and ceases to be wholly a matter of judicious calculation. The sound of strident voices is heard in ten thousand country "stores." To the mind of many this period constitutes the actual campaign. Yet far more important with reference to the final issue of the contest is that silent campaign which begins all over the land so soon as both of the great parties have nominated their respective candidates and written their respective platforms. Through the summer months the masses of the people are quietly thinking over the questions that have been submitted to their judgment; and they are making up their minds upon the basis of what they regard as their own special interests, and also, let us hope, the welfare and the highest good of the Republic.

And in so making up their minds they receive no serious help from those hired pleaders who will later tell them how they ought to vote. By the time that the red-fire part of the campaign has come, the result of the election is in reality decided. To be sure, some untoward incident, like the Burchard indiscretion or the "millionaires' dinner" of 1884, or the Murchison Letter of 1888, may cause a sudden shift of sentiment sufficient to affect the issue. But, as a rule, most men have definitely ranged themselves before the summer ends; so that October's noise and shouting and fictitious fury are chiefly valuable as an aid in "getting out the vote." Republicans seldom go to Democratic meetings, while Democrats have little relish for Republican oratory; and the men of each party listen to their own exhorters, not in order to be converted, but rather to be strengthened in the faith.

The true campaign, then, is the campaign of reflection which goes on in every household during the summer; and this has now just reached its close. It may be of some interest to consider without prejudice just how its issues have probably been regarded by the ten millions or more Americans who possess the right of suffrage and from whose decision in November there is no appeal.

The Two Conventions.

The Republican Convention was unlike any other of the great quadrennial gatherings of that party, from the time when Fremont led the fight against Buchanan, down to the second nomination of McKinley in 1900. The tumultuous excitement, the passionate pleading, the wave of spontaneous enthusiasm were all lacking. The country at large took little interest in the proceedings, and the delegates themselves were chiefly anxious

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over the question as to how soon they could get through the business and go home. Apart from the regulation applause at the end of the nominating speeches, there was scarce a ripple of feeling save when the Convention listened to the reading of that absurd telegram about "Perdicaris alive or Raissouli dead"—one of the only two cheap things for which Secretary Hay has ever allowed himself to be made responsible. This lack of a keen compelling eagerness has been explained in various ways. It has been ascribed to the certainty of President Roosevelt's nomination, which eliminated any cause of controversy. It has been ascribed also to the certainty of success. Ex-Governor Black, in his nominating speech, expressed this feeling in a metaphor which was slightly mixed, when he said that the delegates were an army, not marching out to battle, but rather prepared to gather in the harvest sheaves. These explanations have some force, yet they do not wholly serve their purpose. For, when Mr. McKinley was renominated in 1900, the action of the party representatives at Philadelphia was equally assured beforehand, and there was a very much greater confidence in his success; yet the Convention was no such tame affair as that which lately nominated Mr. Roosevelt. On the contrary, there was a joyousness, a buoyancy, and an exhilaration about its proceedings that were very stirring. However, the Chicago gathering did its work, and did it with a decorum and a smoothness such as one sees in the first production of a play that has been thoroughly rehearsed. The most important speeches were those of Ex-Secretary Root and Ex-Governor Black—both admirable in their way, though both smelling of the lamp. Mr. Root is a wretched speaker on occasional topics; but in discoursing on political themes he never fails to show at once the ability of a very eminent lawyer and a command of dignified and manly eloquence which makes a deep impression on his hearer. This convention speech was a very telling argument for the party and the President, and it was the only speech made there which rose above the level of mere partisan assertion. The oration of Mr. Black was the quintessence of the professional rhetorician's art. Every sentence had been filed and polished and pointed until in its way it was quite perfect. Epigrams sparkled in each paragraph. The whole moved rhythmically on—a real delight to a cultivated ear. The following passage is quite typical of Mr. Black when at his best:

> The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem; and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of the horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray; but peace will come to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men.

No incident of any special note occurred, and the Convention adjourned with as little enthusiasm as had marked its gathering. Yet in spite of this unprecedented absence of emotion, or perhaps because of it, there was something grimly suggestive and impressive about the whole affair. One seemed to see here no shouting mob of volunteers, but rather an army highly organized and disciplined, trained to obey implicitly the orders of a single chief, and with the prestige of past victory upon its banners. The soldiers in the ranks might have their private hesitancies and dislikes; but these were not to count when in the presence of the enemy, nor to affect, however slightly, an unflinching determination to win the coming battle.

A far different spectacle was presented by the Democrats assembled at St. Louis in one of the most extraordinary conventions recorded in American political history. The New York *Sun,* which, after ridiculing Mr. Roosevelt for a year, went over to him all at once after hearing its financial master's voice, described the Democratic host as "a lewd and obscene mob." This description might not be unfair if applied to the Yahoos that swarmed in all the galleries and did their best by howls and hoots and shrieks and multifarious profanity to render the proceedings unintelligible. But the delegates themselves were a very interesting body of men, and the whole nation watched their work from day to day with intense absorption. They represented every shade of political opinion, and they strove earnestly and successfully to restore their party to the dignified place of a truly powerful Opposition. This Convention, unlike the one in Chicago, was really a convention of the people. Amid all its disorders and divisions, it owned

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no master, but wrought out its own will. No one could predict what it would do or whom it would select to be the party leader. No one had got control of it beforehand, and no one save its own members prepared its speeches or wrote its platform. On the whole, it was a refreshing spectacle,—unruly, vociferous, a big town-meeting; yet, after all, American in its independence and freedom from extraneous dictation.

One very interesting feature of its early hours was the pricking of the bubble of Mr. John Sharp Williams's reputation. Mr. Williams, as Congressman from Mississippi, had lately played a leading part in the House of Representatives at Washington. As head of the Opposition he had there exhibited a good deal of ability. Resourceful, vigilant, well-versed in parliamentary forms, he had worried the Republicans with much effect, and the opinion was general that he had a great career before him. But his performance as temporary chairman of the Convention at St. Louis showed that he had been too highly rated. His rambling, tedious, inordinately long harangue showed a striking lack of judgment and of political tact, while his incapacity in the chair was evident from the very first. This impression has since been deepened by his address of notification to Mr. Davis,—an address an hour too long and conceived in a style of forced and ponderous clowning. Mr. Littleton, who nominated Judge Parker, spoke with admirable clearness and even with a touch of oratorical elegance; but in eloquence, and also in some other unusual gifts, there was no figure in the Convention to be compared for a moment with Mr. Bryan. The Eastern newspapers have given no accurate account of Mr. Bryan's really wonderful exhibition of personal power at St. Louis. Some of them ignored him out of policy and some out of dislike and prejudice; but the fact is that he towered head and shoulders above everybody else—a born leader, an orator of consummate skill, and, more than all, a most remarkable personality.

During the past four years Mr. Bryan has fallen greatly in the esteem of all impartial observers. In 1896 and to some extent in 1900, while his financial theories were generally condemned, it was believed that he was quite sincere in holding them,—that he was undoubtedly a fanatic, but at any rate an honest one. To-day it is but too evident that he is just an extremely selfish politician who sets his personal future above the welfare of his party. His hatred of Mr. Cleveland, who twice led the Democracy to victory, as Mr. Bryan has twice led it to calamitous defeat, evinces the sort of jealousy that is unworthy of a high-minded man. In his persistent adherence to his advocacy of a debased currency in the face of the altered conditions of to-day, he can be acquitted of insincerity only at the expense of his intelligence—and no one impeaches the intelligence of Mr. Bryan. His dog-in-the-manger attitude toward every possible candidate for the Presidency, and his present treacherous machinations against Judge Parker, stamp him as a man devoid of political principle. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Bryan has some very remarkable qualities, and they never were more conspicuous than at St. Louis. In the Committee on the Platform, Mr. Bryan, by sheer audacity and resourceful ingenuity, compelled a hostile majority to do his bidding. He outwitted and overmatched such veteran politicians as Ex-Senator Hill and Senator Daniel. And in the Convention itself, at a late hour of the night, when the stifling heat, the acrimonious debates, and the long nervous strain had turned the vast assemblage into a roaring mob, Mr. Bryan mastered it in a moment and hushed it into a silence as of death while he poured forth words that stirred his hearers to intense emotion. Men wept or laughed or thrilled with passion just as he chose to make them; and while he spoke, at least, he held them in the hollow of his hand. He could not stem the tide of the inevitable; but he did win an extraordinary personal triumph, which led a foreign observer to write of him:

"Dramatically and politically this was the climax that Mr. Bryan should have prayed for. His power was leaving him; his last hours as a great political leader were waning; his magnetic hold was about to be broken. What more fitting, then, than that the man who had won his fame by a single speech should end his career as he began it, with a speech that should live in the recollection of all those who heard it, which should make men talk about it long after the words had been forgotten, and when only the intense earnestness of the orator and the vividness of the scene should remain as a memory to last long after everything else had been effaced?"

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That Mr. Bryan's hold over his party had been really broken was made evident by the powerful influence which Judge Parker's famous telegram produced upon the American people. However one may regard this act of high moral courage, there can be no doubt of its instantaneous effect in raising Democratic hopes to the highest pitch and uniting, as if by magic, a party which seemed to have reached the very depths of demoralisation. His words sent an electric thrill through millions, and in a day—almost within an hour—a despairing, leaderless mob became inspired with fresh courage and flung itself once more into line of battle. This new heart, this new enthusiasm, this sudden exultation, found utterance in one of the most remarkable pieces of editorial writing that we have ever seen. This was a leader published in the New York *Evening Post* under the heading, "A Man At Last," and the brilliancy of its rhetoric was reinforced by a glow of genuine feeling which reflected with perfect accuracy the mood of Republicans and Democrats alike under the spell of so rare an instance of moral heroism.

The Hearst Movement.

One of the most singular features of the pre-convention months was the strength developed by the candidacy of Mr. William Randolph Hearst for the Democratic nomination. It puzzled and confounded all observers. Mr. Hearst, as everybody knows, is the owner of half a dozen newspapers and a man of inherited wealth. Barely forty years of age, he had never played any part in public life, except for a very brief and purely nominal membership in the House of Representatives. He was not an orator. He was identified with no great political movement. He was of a somewhat retiring nature and was personally known to very few. Yet of a sudden, a demand for his nomination was heard from Maine to California. The newspapers of both parties ignored his candidacy. In New York they refused for months even so much as to mention his name. Nevertheless, State after State instructed its delegates to support him, and he actually went to the Convention at St. Louis with more than two hundred votes pledged to his cause. Here was a phenomenon that demanded explanation. The explanation which was at last set forth in unfriendly newspapers was a strange one. It was said that Mr. Hearst, by the use of enormous sums of money, had actually bought whole delegations; that it was all a mere matter of bargain and of sale; and that from the primaries up to the State conventions Mr. Hearst's advance was marked by a trail of glittering cash. But such an explanation was at once too simple and too discreditable to our countrymen to gain unqualified acceptance. For Mr. Hearst was not supported by the so-called "sage-brush" States and "mining-camps" alone; but he secured the delegation from so highly civilised a community as Rhode Island and those from great commonwealths like Illinois and Iowa and California. Moreover, the charge that it was all a matter of mere money falls to the ground when we look at it from another point of view. Can any one imagine Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for example, or Mr. Russell Sage, by any expenditure whatsoever, securing the support which Mr. Hearst received? Each of these two individuals has tens of millions for every one of Mr. Hearst's; yet to ask the question is to show its utter folly. Therefore, some other explanation must be sought, and we think that it can be found without any reference to the actual personality of Mr. Hearst.

It is regarded as a truism by most professional journalists of the present time that newspapers can no longer greatly influence popular opinion by their editorial utterances. It is generally held that a Raymond or a Greeley or a Dana would to-day be quite impossible, and that if these men were now alive their public would take little heed of what they wrote. They would have no power to mould the political convictions of their readers. But when an editor says this it simply means that *he* has no such power, and that he wishes to explain away his own dull mediocrity. The surprising strength of the movement for Mr. Hearst is a certain proof that conditions have not really changed. Mr. Hearst's six newspapers are read every day in the year by more than a million voters, most of whom read no other papers. Now it is quite possible to censure these papers for various reasons. One may deplore the tawdriness of their appearance, the absurdity of their staring head-lines, and the vulgarity of

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their backstairs gossip. Yet with all this it would be fatuous to deny that they are edited with very great ability. The editorial writers whom Mr. Hearst employs know how to make a powerful appeal to that portion of the public whom they seek to influence. They use good, strong Saxon English, and they are unhampered by the timidity and the financial entanglements which make most of our editors mere dumb dogs, afraid to say what they really think, lest they should offend some powerful interest or give their readers too strong a shock. The result has been that Mr. Hearst himself has been identified by millions with the opinions which his papers have so vigorously advocated, and he is popularly supposed to have written every word of these philippics with their strong tincture of State Socialism and their incesssant championship of the masses against class privilege. Hence Mr. Hearst is seriously regarded in many portions of the country as a great tribune of the people, one who would, if he had the power, smash the monopolistic corporations, give over the railway and the telegraph to the government, and in general bring about a sort of socialistic millennium. It is the fact of this belief that explains the "boom" which Mr. Hearst enjoyed. As a matter of recorded truth, the notion of Mr. Hearst's candidacy did not originate with Mr. Hearst himself. It was conceived by the admirers of his political theories in the West, who sent delegations asking him to be a candidate. No doubt he subsequently spent huge sums in the preliminary canvass—how much only he himself can tell. But the mainspring of the movement was not money. There was a nucleus of genuine conviction in it, even though that conviction may have been a quite mistaken one. And in this fact there is a lesson alike to politicians and to journalists.

The Candidates.

The candidates of the two parties represent types that are markedly and even violently contrasted. Americans may be well pleased that both have this one thing in common: the glory of unblemished character, of devotion to duty, and of personal honour that no one has ever called in question. For the rest, no two men could well be more unlike. And yet each is a typical American, so much so as to be almost racially representative. Each has his very marked and striking merits, and each has his counterbalancing defects. Mr. Roosevelt is the sort of American who is very much in evidence in these latter days. He is all action and impulse, unfettered by precedent or convention, eager to accomplish things, impatient of delay, detesting formulas and the intricacies of red tape. He has an open mind—almost too open—and a colossal faith in his own capacity. He is the sort of American whom Kipling has described as being always ready "to match with Destiny for beers." His gospel is "hustle" and his consecrated ambition is to "get there," no matter by what means and wholly irrespective of the fact that after he has got there he may sometimes wish that he had got somewhere else. Not that Mr. Roosevelt is often troubled by retrospective regret. He lives wholly in the present and the future, and does not bother his head about the past. And he has the delightful but somewhat dangerous faculty of convincing himself that he is always right—a Scotchman's trait. However solemnly he may have enunciated a fundamental principle, if it subsequently suits him to violate it, he does so cheerfully and never turns a hair. He believes, with Old Gorgon Graham, that "consistency is an iron band to keep men's minds from growing." And so the things which he has bitterly denounced in others he will do himself, and hold them to be right because he does them, and because they minister to what he is fond of calling "the greater good"—the greater good being that which is good for Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Indeed, the whole record of his Presidency is a record of inconsistencies. He has disregarded, as President, almost every principle which he advocated in his earlier career. A free-trader by conviction, he now upholds the most extravagant claims of the protectionists. An ardent champion of a rigid professional training for soldiers, he has filled the army lists with untrained civilians. Having violently denounced appointments made because of personal motives, he jumps an army doctor to the prospective command of our military forces, for the reason that this doctor was associated with Mr. Roosevelt in "my regiment." A strenuous civil-service reformer for many years, he has, as President, suspended the civil-service rules ten times as

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often as McKinley did, although the latter never cared much for the merit system. And after having as a private citizen written in the most scathing terms of the baser elements in public life, he takes occasion as President to claim the besmirched and discredited Quay as his "loyal friend," to give aid and comfort to the unspeakable Addicks, to receive as an honoured guest the law-breaking Congressman Littauer, and to summon to an intimate conference the notorious "Lou" Payne, whom Mr. Roosevelt's ablest counsellor, Mr. Root, once described as "a stench," and whom Mr. Roosevelt himself, when Governor of New York, kicked out of office with every possible evidence of contumely. Mr. Roosevelt's most marked personal defect is his self-consciousness, which makes it almost impossible to do anything without giving it the appearance of a pose. This very often, in appearance, converts courage into rashness, self-confidence into bluster, forcefulness into bullying, familiarity into insolence. Yet to great numbers of his countrymen the very defects of his qualities make him more popular than the qualities themselves, for the New American of to-day is prone to vaunt himself and to think but lightly of those who do not go about preceded by a big brass band.

Judge Parker represents the opposite extreme, and in this fact are found his strength, and also his elements of weakness as a candidate. Bred up in the profession of the law and in the dignified seclusion of the bench, his first thought is of rule and precedent. He looks to the past in order to explain the present and to mark out the future. He has all the jurist's dread of innovation. His courage is undoubted, but it manifests itself in quiet ways. He is conscientious, able, full of common sense, and never moved by impulse or emotion. His is the legal type of mind, and it finds its illustration in the American public men of other days—in the Adamses, the Jays, the Marshalls, and, in fact, those statesmen who gave form and definite coherence to our government. Personally, Judge Parker has the human qualities in abundant measure—the kindliness and courtesy of the man who is always genuine and sincere, and just a touch of that elusive rusticity which is so American and so "homely," in the English sense, with its wholesome suggestion of a purely natural environment in early years. His opponents, however, may find in his very virtues fair reasons for defeating him. Whether we desire it or not, our country is no longer an isolated State, with problems that are wholly domestic and internal. The events of the past decade have imported a whole set of new and unusual questions into the sphere of the Executive, and they must be answered wholly in harmony with new conditions. We have not merely to follow ancient precedents, but to make new precedents. The nation is at last a most important factor in the polity of the civilised world. To guide it there are needed broad, far-seeing intelligence, a knowledge of international usage, and, at a pinch, a reserve force of boldness and even haughty insistence upon our greater interests. The opponents of Judge Parker may not unreasonably claim that his training and experience have been too narrow to enable him to fill the measure of these vast responsibilities. They do not assert that Mr. Roosevelt himself is wholly equal to the task; but the continuance of his administration will ensure the retention of Mr. Hay in office, and enable him to add new diplomatic triumphs to those in which Americans of every party have taken so much pride. On the other hand, Judge Parker's advocates reply that our foreign policy has more to fear from rashness than from caution. The new diplomacy is not the diplomacy of other days, a diplomacy of forms and indirection and intrigue. To-day the best results are won by manifest unselfishness and justice, by tact and common sense, and by adherence to the basal principles of human right. And in these qualities, they say, the upright judge, the sane, cool-headed, unemotional arbiter, is safer and will be more successful than even the more experienced diplomat, when such a one may at any moment be overruled by the impetuous and ardent impulse of his chief.

The Issues.

The platforms of the two parties are very characteristic. The Republican pronouncement is in line with the President's whole attitude, as shown in his letter of acceptance. It is the attitude summed up in Senator Hanna's famous advice to "stand

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pat." The Republicans do stand pat. They set forth precisely what has been accomplished in the past four years. They say that everything was for the best in this best of all administrations, and there they rest their case and wait for any attack that may be made. It is an effective attitude, marked by a certain easy confidence and cheerful impudence that are rather taking. On the other hand, the Democrats have opposed to this compact and well-conceived deliverance a much too long and far too rambling platform, which has the great defect of not representing absolute party unanimity. Instead of picking out a few striking and really vital issues and concentrating their whole force upon them, they have put out a sort of dragnet and gathered in an incongruous haul, ranging from imperialism to polygamy. The platform as a whole resembles what physicians call a "shot-gun prescription," mixed with a large variety of ingredients, in the hope that some of them at least will hit the patient's obscure disorder. Or, to change the figure, the unrelated paragraphs of the platform are like irregular skirmish-firing, instead of volleys concentrated upon the weak point of the enemy's line. If the Democrats are going to spread their effort over all this mass of matter, they will spread it out so thin as to convince the country that they have no case at all. Polygamy is not a national question. Imperialism as an issue went to pot in 1900. The reduction of the army and navy is about as unpopular a policy as could well be thought of. Precious few Americans care anything about the Philippines, but regard all talk on this subject very much as Lord Beaconsfield's tenants did the "thundering news from the Straits of Malacca." The only vital questions in this campaign are: (1) The tariff in its relation to the Trusts; (2) the tendency of the President to enlarge his powers in defiance of the law; and (3) the rapid growth of governmental extravagance, with its resulting deficit in the national treasury. All these issues go beyond purely party lines, and they appeal to the great independent vote which might now, as it did in 1884, and again in 1892, transfer the Presidency from the Republicans to the Democracy. If the latter are going to allow these three issues to be obscured by idle, wind-mill combats, for which no one really cares, then Mr. Taggart might as well go back to Indiana now. He will have shown that while he knows how to manage a ward primary, he is grossly and preposterously incompetent to direct a national campaign.

Next month we shall consider the later developments of the active contest and venture a prediction as to the probable outcome in November. *H. T. P.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

WHEN a novelist is praised for his local color, it means, or ought to mean, a good deal more than that he has a knack of drawing graphic little pen-pictures of famous streets and structures,—the Champs-Elysées, or Piccadilly Circus, or the Flatiron Building,—or of making us recall, with a pang of nostalgia, certain sights and sounds and odours that differentiate Rome or Dresden or Vienna from every other world-capital. It means, if the phrase is used broadly, that the author is one who understands the force of environment and can make us feel all those subtle local influences which enter into the formation of character, the mental and moral nourishment which a man draws from his native soil, and which help to make him a different man from what he would have been if he had been born in the next county, the adjoining township, the house across the street. Yet outside of those purely personal thoughts and feelings and desires which make up a man's individuality, lie the ever-widening circles of those that he shares with his family, his friends, his fellow townsmen, his countrymen at large. In every epoch and in every land there is a certain assemblage of ideals and aspirations, a certain ethical and moral standard, that

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constitutes the civic conscience of the day; and the author who is in harmony with the spirit of his age may lay his scene in the backwoods of Maine, or the alkali deserts of the Southwest, and yet produce a book as spontaneously and representatively American as though he had shifted the action from the whirlpool of New York to the hurly-burly of Chicago and back again to the cosmopolitan maelstrom of our national capital. The earnest, progressive life of to-day is well worth studying, whether in the hemp fields of Kentucky, or the lumber regions of the Middle West, or the fertile wheat ranches of the San Joaquin Valley; and some of the strongest novels of the past decade have been pre-eminently local. But sectional eccentricities of character are in themselves of no more importance than sectional variations in language. They are interesting mainly for the sidelights that they may shed upon the broad lines of our national development, just as local dialects are interesting for the purpose of comparison with the standard speech of cultured circles. And the writer who fails to understand the national spirit of his time may lay on his local colour with all the prodigality of a palette-knife, and yet never paint a picture that deserves to live. What will it profit him to have filled in his background with all the accuracy of a bromide print, if in his whole volume there is not a single character that is not merely New York, or Philadelphia, or Rahway or Terre Haute, but genuinely, staunchly, refreshingly American?

As a general principle, however, the sane and liberal-minded author of to-day, who is content to adhere to his own age and environment, need not trouble himself seriously about national ideals or the civic conscience. Let him tell his story with a fearless impartiality, and these things, which are in the air he breathes, will safely take care of themselves. It is usually the man with a grievance, the fanatic, the hot-headed reformer who has rushed into fiction as a short-cut to the public ear, who distorts his picture, and shows us a caricature of a world, not as it is, but as he thinks it ought to be. But when a writer goes outside his own experience and ventures into an alien land or epoch, then his difficulties begin in earnest, because the spirit of another country or generation is as elusive as a foreign accent. The details of topography and of social life may be gleaned from books; but the aims and aspirations of a people can be known intimately only by those who have absorbed them in their daily life. For instance, an author writes a colonial novel, of the sort that was recently so much in vogue, and bestows endless pains upon each petty detail of dress and manners. And then, after all his care, he spoils the effect as a whole by infusing into the conversation a certain unconscious modernity of thought, as hopelessly anachronistic as though he had blundered over the date of the Boston Tea Party or the Battle of Bunker Hill. It would be easy to point out a score of recent novels of the Pseudo-Dumas class, good stirring tales of intrigue and ambush and clashing swords, but fundamentally out of harmony with the age they are supposed to portray; because the well-meaning but short-sighted writers have insisted upon giving to their heroines that predominant importance which is the role of twentieth century women, forgetting that to the soldier of fortune of the d'Artagnan type the serious business of life was war, and love only a brief, though agreeable, interlude.

But if ever there was a case of the spirit of an age deliberately misunderstood, perverted and wantonly turned topsy-turvy, it is to be found in the type of novels of Biblical and classic times that was first ushered in by General Wallace's *Ben Hur,* and which seems lately to have begun to multiply with disheartening rapidity. It is not surprising that throughout the entire range of antiquity no other epoch has so often attracted the attention of the novelist as that of Rome in the early years of the empire. To begin with, the fund of antiquarian knowledge that is easily accessible, the wonderful preservation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, that makes it seem as though their tenants had vacated them but yesterday, unite in making a story of Roman days seem less a *tour de force,* less a daring piece of guesswork, less an archæological crazy quilt, than similar stories of Greece, or Babylon, or Egypt. Then again, no period in recorded history has offered such a stage for brilliant and spectacular drama. Here was Rome,

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mistress of the known world, lying like a gigantic octopus on her seven hills, and stretching out her endless miles of military road, like so many vast tentacles, to the furthest corner of her possessions; and here quietly, gradually, almost legally, the government of all this kaleidoscopic conglomeration of principalities and races and religions was changing from a republic to a military despotism. Only in India, with its complex social strata, its clash of many creeds, its oriental opulence of colour, can one find to-day a parallel to the Rome of the Cæsars as a meeting-place of many nations, a babel of a hundred tongues. Only in Kipling's *Kim* can one find a suggestion of the sort of novel that might have once been written, with Rome itself as the central figure, and the great game of diplomacy and imperialism as the central drama,—the sort of novel which might still be written by some one with the right combination of knowledge and patience and enthusiasm; written with many a gap, many a question-mark, many an error, and yet well worth the doing, even if the result were nothing more than a picturesque and splendid failure. As for the civic conscience of that period, one thing at least can be said unhesitatingly,—that it was thoroughly and fundamentaly pagan. The new doctrine of peace on earth which was destined shortly to come out of Galilee, was not to stir the thoughtful minds in Rome until a full century or two later. Accordingly, stories like *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis,* and more recently Mr. Gardenhire's *Lux Crucis* and Irving Bacheller's *Vergilius,* in each of which the keynote is the early triumph of Christianity over paganism, have all to a greater or less extent sacrificed historic accuracy to religious sentimentalism. They no more represent the real spirit of the ancient Roman world than certain modern missionary novels represent the India and China of to-day.

Mr. Bacheller's *Vergilius* will undoubtedly enjoy a wide vogue among the particular class of readers for which it was intended. It faithfully follows the standard recipe which from Sienkiewicz downward has produced profitable results. In all these books there are one or two familiar Bible characters; a Roman emperor and his court; an imperial banquet, with a suggestion of wild orgies to follow, which are disappointingly tame in the result; a persecuted slave girl, preferably a convert to Christianity; a score or so of martyred prisoners, thrown to the lions, or blazing merrily as living torches; and finally, hero and heroine, happy in their mutual love and in the public confession of their new-found faith. All of these familiar stage properties have done duty once more in Mr. Bacheller's book. His chief innovation consists in laying his scene almost a generation earlier than any of his predecessors thought of doing. The Emperor Augustus has heard that the Jews are looking for a new King—a "little matter" which he takes greatly to heart. "Kings were his puppets, and if there were to be a new one, he must consider what to do with him." So he looks around for a special envoy to Judea to investigate the report, and chooses for his purpose one Vergilius—not the poet, as one might quite naturally suppose, but a young patrician of equestrian rank, who has only just become affianced to Augustus' pretty ward, Arria, and is hurried off on his mission, with barely time to bid the lady good-bye. Now Vergilius has had one persistent rival for the hand of Arria, in the person of Antipater, son of Herod the Great; and while Vergilius is hastening to Herod's court Antipater remains behind in Rome, busily plotting his father's murder, and incidentally the ruin of his successful rival. The detection of Antipater's plot by Vergilius, the execution of the conspirators in the arena, the hero's conversion to Christianity and his reunión with Arria, who by a series of convenient coincidences reaches Jerusalem on that wondrous Christmas night, when the angels sang of peace on earth and good will towards men—such in brief are the central episodes of Mr. Bacheller's story. As for the local colour of the story, it seems hardly necessary to say very much, because he has so cleverly and persistently generalised that it is quite impossible to say whether he knows a good deal more or a good deal less about Roman antiquities than the book would seem to show. In fact, the most definite impression that a first reading leaves behind it is one of astonishment that any writer could, page after page, so skilfully avoid committing himself to definite statements, so successfully slide

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ver the points that would seem to call or special antiquarian research. He does ive us a glimpse of a triclinium, with s triple arrangement of couches; he libly runs off a lengthy and elaborate nenu, which might have been taken traight from the *Cena Trimalchionis.* Ie seems a trifle vague regarding some ninor details of the table service, and /hile he is quite explicit regarding the lassic custom of reclining at meals, we nd him a few pages further on making he statement that these same banqueters vere men who "liked to sit up late over heir wine." But for the most part, as lready intimated, Mr. Bacheller shuns pecific details of the sort that you could rove or refute by a reference to Horace r Martial or Petronius. The fundanental artificiality of his book does not ie in a misleading picture of the small, very-day details of Roman life, but in colossal misconception of the spirit of he times.

Undoubtedly many good people will ind much to admire in this story, and he wholesome doctrine it preaches of he leaven of a new faith working mysteriously, so that all the pagan world, stirred by the rumor of a Messiah, was illed with a spirit of unsatisfied longing. But however pleasant it may be to sentinentalise in this fashion, the plain fact remains that, from the standpoint of Roman law and order, the whole New Testament story, which later was destined to change the destinies of the world, caused at the time barely a slight surface ripple in that far-off corner of the Empire. The Jews were a turbulent race from the Roman standpoint, and their religious quarrels and dissensions were not investigated too closely. Had the events of that time in Jerusalem and Nazareth and Bethlehem caused the far-reaching uneasiness that such writers as Mr. Gardenhire and Mr. Bacheller would have us believe, then the entire New Testament story would have had to be rewritten.

At the time of his death the late Henry Seton Merriman was just beginning to win the recognition that he deserved from the discriminating minority. The big public, which troubles itself little about literary method, but is apt to know a good story when it meets with one, discovered him much sooner, and welcomed the discovery. To begin with, he was always easy to understand; he never tried to show how clever he could be in his use of words or how subtle in his analysis of character; but he certainly could tell a story for all it was worth, and develop whatever possibilities were latent in a given plot, whether it was a big plot or a little one. Two qualities he had besides, which are none too common. He could make you, for the time being, fairly breathe the atmosphere of the place and period he was picturing; and when he laid his scenes in Napoleonic days, as for instance in *Barlasch of the Guards,* he reflected the spirit of the times with a vividness not greatly inferior to that of Conan Doyle's inimitable *Brigadier Gerard* series. And, secondly, he understood the psychological value of timely reticence; he knew when it was good art to reveal all the facts and when it was wiser to leave something to the imagination. Some of the strongest short stories in the collection issued last season under the title of *Tomaso's Fortune* owe their merit largely to the author's instinct for telling not a word more or less than was necessary. There was, for instance, the story of an Englishman sipping his coffee in an obscure corner of a restaurant on the outskirts of a Spanish town. Suddenly the Englishman becomes aware of a figure crouching beneath his table, who begs his spare lump of sugar. The crouching figure gasps out his story in broken whispers. He is penniless, starving, a fugitive from justice; he has killed another man to avenge the honour of a woman, the woman he loves. As he speaks, you hear the galloping horses of the gens-d'armes who are hot on his trail. If the Englishman keeps silent the Spaniard may escape. You do not know whether the man is telling the truth or lying; probably Mr. Merriman himself did not know,—but the Englishman keeps silent, and the man is saved. To have known the facts would have gone a long way toward spoiling the story.

This same fine art of suggesting, rather than setting forth cold, bare facts, is half the secret of the hold which Mr. Merriman's last published volume, *The Last Hope,* takes upon your imagination. There is nothing especially original in the theme, just one more story of a pretender to a throne and of a conspiracy to place

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him there,—a theme which has given a host of volumes, good, bad, and indifferent, since Thackeray wrote *Henry Esmond* and Dumas wrote *The Man with the Iron Mask*. Mr. Merriman's pretender based his claims upon the legend that the Dauphin of France, the little son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, did not die in prison, but was smuggled out of Paris and shipped, one stormy night, on a schooner bound for the English coast. Mr. Merriman is not so clumsy a narrator as to make any claims regarding the facts; he contents himself with suggesting. He suggests that if such a scheme had been successfully carried through, and then the schooner had been wrecked and the boy, half-drowned, had been rescued and cared for by the rough seafaring folk of some coast village, he might have grown safely to manhood without the knowledge of those loyal friends who had risked their heads to effect his escape. Perhaps, too, he suggests, after the Hundred Days were over, and Napoleon exiled, and the Restoration an accomplished fact, they thought it wise to let well enough alone, and not seek to know what had become of the luckless Louis XVII. But all this was ancient history; another revolution had taken place; another Napoleon was preparing his coup-d'état; it was time that the friends of the monarchy bestirred themselves. Now it happened that at the very time when the little Dauphin might have been smuggled across the channel a French vessel actually was wrecked off the coast of England, and a small French boy, with a woman who claimed to be his mother, was rescued. This lad was reared among the fishermen who rescued him; lived to marry an English wife and beget a son; and the latter, at the opening of the book, is himself a sturdy young English sailor, mate of the good ship Last Hope, and little suspecting that the Royalist party in the land across the channel will soon find, in his history, in his facial resemblance, in his simple name of Loo Barebone, good reason for believing him to be another Bourbon Louis, the Last Hope of France.

Now, as already said, the secret of the book's interest lies in the question of doubt raised persistently, at every turn of the page. This Loo Barebone may be the missing Louis, but is he? The man who is prime mover in the plot has l doubts, but conceals them, and forg evidence to strengthen the case. T English girl who loves Loo and has hop to marry him believes the story, and sa rifices herself for the sake of making h do his duty. Loo himself frankly disl lieves the whole thing. If the Engli girl will have him, then small matter wh happens to the throne of France; but she won't have him, well, then, a thro is a fair sort of consolation, even if o gets it by fraud; and he is willing to gi himself the benefit of the doubt. (course, if the girl herself could only knc who Loo's father really had been back France in the old days of the Reign Terror, then she would know whether not to send him from her. But s doesn't know, and that is what makes t story worth reading.

A book which may profitably be tak up next, as an object-lesson in the lack historical atmosphere, is Gilbert Parker new volume, *A Ladder of Swords,* for is animated neither by the spirit of tl age of Queen Elizabeth or the spirit our own, or any other age or country ou side the realm of opera-bouffes. The m terial from which the story is constructe is slight, barely enough to serve for short magazine story. It concerns a pa of Huguenot lovers who escape to tl Isle of Jersey, and then have their bri respite broken in upon by a summor from Queen Elizabeth, who, at the inst gation of the Medici, is preparing to su render them to France. The only inte est which the story has, indeed or shrewdly suspects it to be the only pa in which the author himself was inte ested, lies in the development of tw minor characters. One of these is a bi blustering, simple-hearted knight, wit the instincts of a Don Quixote and th appetite of a Gargantua. He has offere his heart and hand to the little Huguenc lady, and upon being refused pledges he his knightly service throughout life. Th other is an equally fantastic figure, a pi rate who is the pink of courtesy and wh with a price upon his head, accompanie the quixotic Jerseyman on a mad rush t London to rescue their lady from Quee Elizabeth's wrath. There are som scenes at the English court which sugges comparison with *La Grande Duchesse* and might be recommended to the seriou

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tention of Mr. W. S. Gilbert for a future libretto. But comic figures of Rabelaisian build are, on the whole, scarcely in harmony with the general trend of Gilbert Parker's talents.

An author who serves as an apt illustration of the ability to use local colour so as to make a picture of world-wide application is Mr. J. J. Bell, the creator of the inimitable *Wee Macgreegor*. It would be difficult to imagine anything more intensely local than these stories were in atmosphere, in association, in the small, familiar touches of every-day life. And yet the appeal which these books made to a reading public in two continents was quite independent of Glasgow speech or Glasgow life. It was based upon those fundamental human instincts and feelings which are world-wide, the instincts of paternal pride and a mother's love, and the contentment of a happy home. Mr. Bell is a man worth watching. He may occasionally bore us with a volume of inanities like *Ethel*, which recorded with the fidelity of a phonograph all the foolish, fond, tiresome things that a young couple find to say to each other during the long months of courtship. But sooner or later he makes amends with another of the volumes that are really worth while,—in the present instance with *Jess & Co.*, the undoubted charm of which lies chiefly in its simplicity. It is just the story of a man who is a born procrastinator, and who, added to this, has made the mistake of choosing an uncongenial trade; he is a glazier, when nature plainly intended to make him a gardener. But his young wife, Jess, has not been married to him more than a month or two when she discovers that he is letting his business go to rack and ruin, through sheer lack of some one to pull him up with a strong, resolute hand. Jess is Glasgow bred, and, besides, she has had a hard, practical schooling in a wholesale business house. David, the husband, has lived all his life in the little coast town of Kinlochan,—a town that deserves a niche in fame alongside of Drumtochty and Lisconnel, and other famous towns of fiction. His business methods are simple in the extreme; his books are kept by fits and starts; he is ignorant of the meaning of a balance-sheet; when, at long intervals, some tradesman in Kinlochan sends in a bill, then he in turn sends out one or two of his long-standing accounts to get from Peter the wherewithal to pay Paul. For the most part, however, instead of going to the shop, he lingers at home to "tak' a dauner roon the gairden," to see how his beloved roses are progressing, and, before he knows it, the afternoon is gone. The story deals with the resolution that the young wife makes to transform her man, in spite of himself, into a good, industrious, systematic business man; and this she does, though at a cost to herself that makes one fairly ache with sympathy while reading it. These are real people whom Mr. Bell shows us, essentially Scotch by birth and blood and training; and yet they are as near to us, and they teach us as practical and personal a lesson, as to any family in his own big city of Glasgow. Mr. Bell has got down to a fine point that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

MORTIMER MENPES'S "WHISTLER." *

MORTIMER MENPES has given us a book of recollections of the period when he was most closely associated with Whistler. This consists of the notes of an enthusiast and a hero-worshiper. It is, in a way, both foolish and pathetic, but its best excuse is, that it is entertaining. Much of the Whistler that we have known from record is depicted here, *plus* his arbitrary comportment towards those who served him, and served him well.

A small group of followers and admirers he seems always to have had, and two pupils at that time, Menpes and Walter Siekert, enthusiastic young painters who would call him Master, run his errands, ground his etching plates, prepare his little sketching panels, and take walks or short journeys with him. All this was done by them without apparently receiving the slightest instruction at his hands,—they gave him their time for the mere diversion of his companionship, the mental fillip he gave them; and Menpes goes on to say: "Only once I remember him really teaching us anything. He told it to us two pupils; and Siekert I remember took down every word on his cuff. He described how in Venice once he was drawing a bridge, and suddenly, as though in a revelation, the secret of drawing came to him. He felt he wanted to keep it to himself lest someone should use it,—it was so sure, so marvellous. This is roughly how he described it: "I began first of all by seizing upon the chief point of interest. Perhaps it might have been the extreme distance,—the little palaces and shipping beneath the bridge. If so, I would begin drawing that distance elaborately, and would then expand from it until I came to the bridge, which I would draw in one broad sweep. If by chance I did not see all of the bridge, I would not put it in. In this way the picture must necessarily be a perfect thing from start to finish. Even if one were to be arrested in the middle of it, it would still be a fine an complete picture." Menpes then says "This is the only instance that I can re member of Whistler sitting down and ac tually explaining anything to the pupils but, of course, in a thousand ways w benefited by his presence." There i something both pathetic and amusing i the story of this æsthetic crumb thrown t the technically hungry in the name of th *secret* of drawing! However, it is sel dom that genius is a safe teacher, an what these young men lost in instructio they probably gained in inspiration; fo Menpes says elsewhere that Whistler al ways stimulated others to work.

The book ranges over what might prop erly be called Whistler's middle period for finally Menpes met the fate of th many who had enjoyed the friendshi (?) of this eccentric individual—this de voted admirer was stricken from his "vis iting list." For did not Whistler once tel Menpes that—" 'The first and foremos duty of a friend is to cleanse his "visitin list" for me.' He then gave me an accu rate description of what such a frien should be. (He described, in fact, a worm.) I have heard of men who actu ally did cleanse their visiting lists fo Whistler—much, I have no doubt, to th Master's own surprise and disgust.' Whistler evidently did this so effectually for himself that his circle towards the end must indeed have been exclusive. The event which caused the breach between this admirer and the Master was created by Menpes's going to Japan when Whistler himself had never been there. This offense called forth stinging recriminations, and when Menpes returned from this art pilgrimage and dared to mention that in that land he had met another master: " 'What!' " screamed Whistler, 'How dare you call this Japanese a master on your own responsibility? Give me your reasons. What do you mean by it?' " Menpes then and there in the Hogarth Club, before Whistler and his followers, began explaining the methods of Kyôsai. He interested Whistler immensely and a temporary reconciliation seemed to be effected through the Master's declaring after a lengthened

*New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Adams and Charles Black. 1904.

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account by Menpes of the technique and processes of Kyôsai, that these methods were his, Whistler's, own. But the break came soon after. It is difficult in reading these recollections to determine if Whistler was ever seriously angered, or if indeed his feelings were ever touched, if he ever greatly cared for anyone or anything in particular. He would sacrifice a friend to an epigram. He would conceive a clever saying which he thought it would be amusing to fit on to someone and then he would wait for an opportunity to place it,—if this were long in coming, he would do something, write a letter perhaps, to cause that person to reply. These things, and others too, in the book, present no very edifying picture of a human being, but they are readable, entertaining and a sort of revelation of a queer and twisted personality—of one who did beautiful things in art although strangely narrow in his technical sympathies, finding little in the past, in the great epochs, in the noble traditions of painting which he was willing to admire; insensible to the charm of music, indifferent to literature and, perhaps not so misguidedly, a witty and voluble decrier of the drama of to-day.

Let us now turn from the peculiar limitations of this accomplished artist, for artist indeed he was, to the illustrations accompanying the book. There is a chapter on Etching so admirably "felt," so delightfuly esoteric, so full of true artistic enthusiasm for this beautiful art in which our subject excelled that it is quite worth the whole publication, and is indeed its best excuse for existing. Nothing is more fascinating than the description of their joint pursuit for Dutch paper in Holland, on which to print these gems. The long and sometimes futile search for old paper with a creamy and sympathetic tone, and the moments of almost exaltation when the quest was rewarded by a fortunate "find," and the joy with which it was greeted and hurried off under their respective arms to be safely stored at their hotel. These are moments that fill the true amateur with a rare joy—this is civilised—this sensation proclaims the true artist—this it is to live! The paper itself was at times, in Whistler's eyes, beautiful enough to frame—who then can blame him for however slight an emotion he might choose to trace thereon?—he never spoiled it, and there were moments when he glorified it with exquisite visions of atmosphere and line. The colour prints in the volume are not often so successful. This art has not yet been so perfected that the faint, vague, misty and poetic feelings of Whistler can, with any degree of purity, be reproduced. But this is not to be expected. The book is rich in illustrations—some slight but suggestive, and in the etchings, fairly satisfactory. All things considered then, this latest book on this charming creator is well worth possessing, and is of value as a record of a peculiarly interesting character.

Frank Fowler.

II.

JAMES GRANT WILSON'S "THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES." *

GENERAL WILSON'S two volumes constitute a very serious contribution to Thackerayana. In fact, the work might almost be considered the final word, the summing up as to a certain very important and interesting period of the great novelist's life. General Wilson has not had access to, or at least has been unable to make use of the letters which Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, and which are now in the possession of Major Lambert, of Philadelphia, but, with this exception, there seems to be absolutely no source of information which he has not thoroughly exhausted. The very thoroughness of the book may lay it open to superficial criticism. In his desire that nothing should be omitted and nothing taken for granted, the author has incorporated dozens of anecdotes, quotations from the novelist's works, and portions of letters which have been printed many times before. To the mind of the casual reader this produces an effect of familiarity. It is only when one looks closer that one sees and appreciates the vast amount of absolutely new material which General Wilson has discovered about the life of a man who was personally known to many still living, and who has been described again and again in every aspect and from every point of view.

*Thackeray in the United States. By James Grant Wilson. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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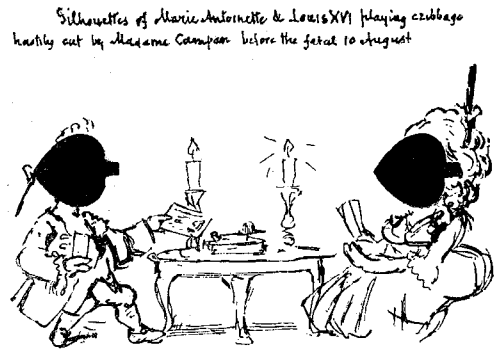


While one is reasonably skeptical about the professed enthusiasm over the ana of most dead literary celebrities, the liking for Thackerayana is undoubtedly genuine. This is not due to any exceptional episodes in the career of the novelist, for his life on the whole was not unusually eventful. It lacked utterly the contrasts of Dickens's life, the colour of Disraeli's, of Bulwer's, of Byron's. Compressed into the columns of a modern *Who's Who,* it would strike the reader as being more or less monotonous, running something as follows:

Thackeray, William Makepeace, author. Born Calcutta, India, 1811. Educated Charter House, London, and Cambridge University. Studied art in Paris and acted as Paris correspondent of various London papers and reviews. Married, 1837, Isabella Shawe, daughter of Colonel Shawe, of the Royal Bengal Artillery. Contributed regularly to *Fraser's Magazine and Punch.* Author *The Yellowplush Papers,* 1838; *Paris Sketch Book,* 1840; *Vanity Fair,* 1847; *Pendennis,* 1849; *Henry Esmond,* 1852; *The Newcomes,* 1854, etc. Has lectured and read in England and in the United States. Stood for Parliament as the candidate for Oxford, but was defeated. Clubs, Athenæum, Garrick.

There would be nothing here, nor even in an expanded account, to indicate a career of unusual interest or adventure. The tragedy of his married life, caused by his wife's losing her mind, undoubtedly had a great effect on his career, but it did not make it or mar it, and very soon after he had settled down to the life that he was to follow to the end, that of the London clubman, delighting in his ease, his eating and drinking, and the pavements of Pall Mall.

That Thackerayana is interesting is due to the fact that every phase of his life from day to day has been whimsically described by Thackeray himself. His acceptance of an invitation to dinner took the form of a humorous drawing; the return of a borrowed book suggested six lines of clever doggerel. He wrote many letters, and none of them without its particular point of interest. No matter what the nature of his correspondence, he never failed to illuminate it with some odd drollery of pen or pencil. He did not keep his style and the richness of his mind for his books alone; they are to be found in the most unimportant of his screeds. The rambling nature of General Wilson's work serves to impress this more forcibly upon the reader.

Thackeray's first visit to the United States, in 1852, was the result of the successful series of lectures on the English humourists which he had delivered the previous year in Willis's rooms, London. Apropos of this series, General Wilson reprints the following very characteristic letter of invitation which Thackeray sent to Richard Doyle:

My Dear D.—I hope you will come to the tight rope exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.

When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!"

When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might.

When I use my pocket-handkerchief, burst into tears.

When I pause, say Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo through the pause.

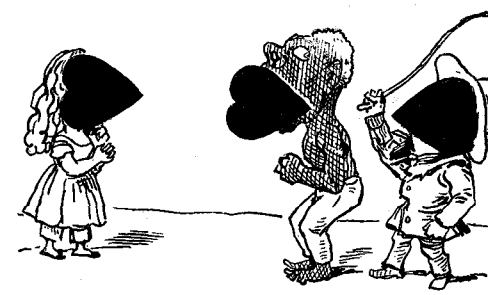
You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella, to be used at proper intervals; and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.

And now, everything having been done to insure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.

God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.

By yours ever, W. M. T.

After a rough voyage from England



LEGREE AND UNCLE TOM.

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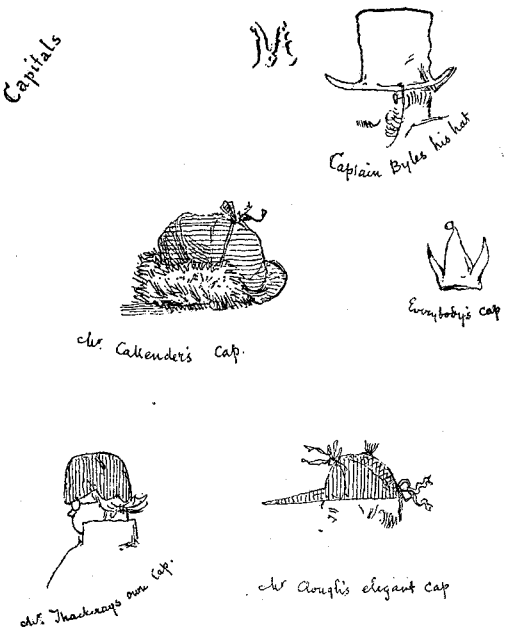
on the *Canada*, Thackeray reached Boston on November 12, 1852, and General Wilson, with characteristic thoroughness, informs us that his first American dinner included some enormous oysters. Four days later he proceeded to New York, where he received a great ovation, which was only slightly marred by the ill-natured sneers of a portion of the New York press. The English Humourist lectures were next heard in Philadelphia, whither Thackeray went in the middle of January, 1853. From Philadelphia he travelled to Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah; then returned to New York, and sailed for England in the *Europa*, on April 20. From a financial point of view, at least, the trip had been a great success. "Perhaps I shall come back to this country," he writes from New York to a friend in London, "with a fresh set of lectures for next winter; if I have as good luck with them as with the last, there will be a snug little sum of money for the girls when I die—and the rate of interest is about twice as high here as at home; I am already worth £200 a year by what I have put by in this country. It would take a long, long time to put by as much at home."

Between Thackeray's first and second visit to America he wrote a paragraph which, trivial as it seems nowadays, aroused considerable hostility in this country and led to no end of explanatory correspondence. The paragraph occurs in one of the first chapters of *The Newcomes*, and the particular sentence which was resented by Americans reads:

> When pigtails grew on the backs of British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatums; when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons and the orators of the opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause.

This paragraph was immediately interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the cause of American independence. The feeling was so high that Thackeray saw that it would be necessary to disarm hostility before starting out on his second series of lectures. He explained away the pragraph very speciously, saying that it contained not his own point of view, but the point of view of the old society, "with its hoops and powders—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench—the news readers in the coffee rooms reading and talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington who was leading the Rebels was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George." Perhaps, also, it was this paragraph which was responsible for the very beautiful lines at the end of his lecture on



THE CAPS OF THACKARAY'S FELLOW PASSENGERS ON THE CANADA.

George IV., where he compares the Shoebuckle Man and the American soldier.

> Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed—the opening feast of Prince George in London or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire—yon fribble dancing and lacing spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honour, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always?

As on his first visit, Thackeray landed in Boston, where he renewed the inti-

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macies made three years earlier, and formed many new friendships, seeing much of Ticknor, Longfellow, Lowell, Dana and Prescott. His series on the Four Georges proved a great success in this country, but was criticised severely in England, where people accused him of toadying to American feeling, just as a few years before they had accused him of toadying to the nobility in his lectures on the English humorists. He was charged with disloyalty, some newspapers asserting that he would not dare to deliver the lectures among his own people. One clerical worshipper of royalty sent a communication to a prominent paper, saying, "An elderly, infidel buffoon of the name

of Thackeray has been lecturing on the subject of the Four Georges." Everywhere over-scrupulous Britons complained that Thackeray was laying bare the weaknesses of English monarchs to Americans, who were already not predisposed in their favour. The Georges, however, had been dead for some time.

There is so much lacking to make complete the story of the writing of Thackeray's books that one cannot afford to ignore the account of John Esten Cooke's interview with him during the time that the author was in Richmond. In the course of this interview Thackeray alluded to the not generally known fact that the whole of *Esmond* was dictated to an amanuensis. The same was true c *Pendennis*. Thackeray said he did nc care much for the latter book, thinkin that it drags about the middle, a defec which he attributed to an attack of illnes He urged Cooke to go on writing, say ing that some day he would surely writ a book that would make his fortun "*Becky Sharpe* made mine. I marrie early and wrote for bread, and *Vanit Fair* was my first successful work. liked Becky in that book; sometimes think I have myself some of her tastes I like what are called Bohemians and fel lows of that sort. I have seen all sort of society—dukes and duchesses, lord and ladies, authors and actors, and paint ers—and, taken altogether, I think I lik painters the best and Bohemians general ly. They are more natural and unconven tional; they wear their hair on thei shoulders if they wish, and dress pic turesquely and carelessly. You see how I made Becky prefer them and that sor of life to all the fine society she moved in."

In discussing the works of other authors, Thackeray expressed an unbounded admiration for Dumas. He thought him a wonderful man, much better than Walter Scott. At this time he was thinking of writing *The Virginian*, which he originally intended calling *The Two Virginians*.

The second tour was considerably more extended than the first. After leaving Charleston and Savannah, Thackeray lectured in Mobile and New Orleans, and then travelled up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Before returning to New York he lectured in Cincinnati and Buffalo, but during his stay in the latter city he very curiously failed to visit Niagara Falls. He took leave of America for the last time on April 24, 1856, sailing for Liverpool that day on the *Baltic*.

With the books which have been brought out during the last ten years, among which General Wilson's work is far from being the least important, Thackerayana seems to be very nearly complete. There is a certain very interesting bundle of letters which has not yet been published, and a certain side of his life and character has only been hinted at discreetly. But what is chiefly lacking is any continuous narrative showing the evolution and writing of his great books.

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We are able to learn here and there that this character or that was drawn from such and such a great man; that a certain chapter was interrupted by a fit of illness, or that so and so had originally been called by another name. But the most laborious research will not make the narrative complete. And it is with great regret that we think how infinitely richer Thackerayana would have been had the great English satirist himself written, as Alphonse Daudet wrote, "The Story of My Books."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III.

MR. KIPLING'S "TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES."*

RUDYARD KIPLING'S books are unlike those of most authors in this respect, that each one of them reveals in some measure the whole range of his extraordinary powers and also his casual defects. Take almost any volume which bears his name upon the title-page and you will find in it alike the vigour and the delicacy, the tenderness and the cynicism, the coarseness and the fineness, the artistic sense and the love of the bizarre —all of which from the very beginning of his brilliant career have entranced the public and made the stall-fed critics gasp. He gives you his best and his worst with equal readiness and with the same indifference to what you think of it and him. And each book illustrates his coincidental fondness for the materialistic and the mystical. Thus in *Many Inventions* there is the first glimpse of the strange, glimmery secrets of the green *rukh,* side by side with his Zolaesque portrayal of a reeking London slum, when the old hag robs the dying prostitute, her daughter, and when Badalia Herodsfoot is "bashed" in the face by her drink-crazed man, until he hears her blood and hair squelch under his boot-heel. And together with these two quite antithetical yet equally marvellous stories and the unforgetable "Love o' Women" there is the almost fatuous tale of "Brugglesmith," whose stodgy British humour is so very stodgy and so very British as to seem like a rancous echo of Ally Sloper. And so in *The Day's Work* there is the strange superstition of "The Tomb of His Ancestors" and the dreamy fancy of "The Brushwood Boy" set beside the mechanical dreariness of ".007." It is all Kipling, a creature of infinite variety and violent contrasts.

In *Traffics and Discoveries* the eleven stories have the same representative character, and would suffice to show the range of Kipling's genius even though nothing here can be confidently classified with the best of his past work. Several of the tales relate to the Boer War—one of these being told by a Sikh trooper and one by a Kiplingized American, Mr. Laughton O. Zigler, of Akron, O., who is described pleasantly as "a ginger-coloured man with the hunger of a press-ridden people in his close-set iron-grey eyes." Certain other stories are of the British Navy, and one is specifically an automobilist's yarn. Three of them—"Wireless," "They," and "Mrs. Bathurst"—touch the borderland of the occult, and of the last two we shall presently have something to say.

Taken as a whole, these eleven stories show Mr. Kipling's deftness of technique; but (with one exception) they likewise show a loss of freshness, a diminished vitality, a slightly impoverished invention. The talk, of which there is much, is not good talk. It lacks pregnancy and picturesqueness. It is just talk, when it is not actually gabble. Furthermore, it does not make the story move. It serves only to mark time and fill space. Now and then a vulgar phrase, a gross brutality of speech, is introduced, by way of giving a fillip to the reader's attention. But somehow or other these things do not seem to come in naturally. One feels that the author saved them up and inserted them at the proper moment to produce a definite effect; and the result is by no means happy. One is conscious of a certain embarrassment and of being a little sorry for Mr. Kipling. Indeed, you keep thinking all the time about the author and seldom lose yourself in his narrative,—a fact which sufficiently reveals the presence of conscious effort. In many of the stories there appears a Mr. Pyecroft, to whose sayings and doings a large amount of space is given. Pyecroft is a naval machinist, and it is evident that Mr. Kipling intended to make him

**Traffics and Discoveries.* By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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a permanent addition to the world's fictitious heroes,—a companion to the three immortals, Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. But no one will ever accept Pyecroft. His talk has neither the raciness and Irish wit of Mulvaney, nor the quaint Cockney humour of Ortheris, nor the magnificent stolidity of Learoyd. Pyecroft is not a success. Pyecroft, in fact, is a good deal of a bore. He neither interests nor amuses. We hope never again to encounter Mr. Pyecroft.

Two stories—"They" and "Mrs. Bathurst"—deserve especial notice. In manner and substance they are mutually antipodal. Yet they have this much in common that they have puzzled multitudes of readers and evoked a great amount of controversy and discussion. Their appearance in two popular magazines is so recent an event that it seems unnecessary to relate them and we shall assume an acquaintance with their text on the part of everyone who reads this review. What we intend is simply to consider their alleged obscurity and the puzzle of their meanings; for they have undoubtedly proved too much for many of their expositors in the press. "They" is in many respects one of the loveliest and most exquisite of Kipling's imaginative creations. Technically it is absolutely flawless. Nothing more delicately fanciful, more wonderfully elusive, could be conceived; and we have here a triumph of literary art in the projection of an atmosphere of old-world mysticism in close contact with the realities of intensely modern life. Indeed, this contrast only heightens the effect; and when the motor-car puffs across the sun-bathed lawn before the house where "they" have made their home, no incongruity is felt; but rather do the natural and the supernatural blend into one harmonious and unchallenged verity. Yet the way of illusion is artfully prepared for us. The beautiful old manor-house is isolated from the world of every day. It is approached through "the confusing veil of the woods"—green cuttings full of liquid sunshine, dark glades where the dead leaves of other years whispered under the tires, until at last the narrator emerges through a tangle of shimmering leaves.

> As the light beat across my face my forewheels took the turf of a great still lawn from which sprang horsemen ten feet high with levelled lances, monstrous peacocks, and sleek round-headed maids of honour—blue, black, and glistening—all of clipped yew. Across the lawn—the marshalled woods besieged it on three sides—stood an ancient house of lichened and weather-worn stone, with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile. It was flanked by semi-circular walls, also rose-red, that closed the lawn on the fourth side, and at their feet a box hedge grew man-high. There were doves on the roof about the slim brick chimneys, and I caught a glimpse of an octagonal dove-house behind the screening wall. . . . . The doves on the roof cooed to the cooing water.

Could anything be more subtly perfect than this beautiful transition from the realm of prosaic fact to that of poetical fantasy? And the pity of it is that all readers can not just steep themselves in the mood which writing such as this induces, receiving as much or as little of the revelation as their own natures are attuned to understand, and letting the rest of it go unquestioned. Yet since so many have chosen to dissect a dream and analyse a vision, it is perhaps permissible to say that even this rude process has not given them a knowledge of the secret. "They" has this meaning: that infinite desire can at last create its own sufficient satisfaction. "Miss Florence," the blind woman, was born with the maternal instinct as her master passion. She has never wedded and never been a mother; but the intensity of her yearning has at last called about her the spirits of happy children, whose whisperings and merry laughter comfort and soothe her with a sense of their perpetual presence. One may have lost children by never having borne them as well as through the agency of death; and to exceptional natures the sense of loss—profound, unspeakable—may summon back the gentle spirits that have vanished from the sight of those whose mourning is but for a time. The compelling power of the blind woman in Kipling's story is shown by the fact that even in her blindness she can see the Egg, the Brahminical symbol of generation and creativeness. For here Kipling reverts, as is most natural in him, to the lore of India, whose Sacred Books thus tell the story of creation. In the beginning all was void and darkness; but the Divine Being created water and into the water he cast a seed, and the seed became an Egg. Then was the Egg

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divided, the upper half becoming the heavens and the lower half the earth, and between them were fashioned those things which now fill the heavens and the earth. This Egg—*das Welt-Ei*—is, therefore, the sign of reproduction; and to those in whom child-love is supreme it is given to behold the symbol. But most readers of "They" have overlooked or else misunderstood one phase of the story. Although it is told in the first person, we need not suppose that the narrator is Mr. Kipling himself, or that, when the visitor's hand is brushed by unseen lips, the lips are those of his own lost child. There is nothing in the story to justify this thought and there is something toward the end which makes it seem impossible. For the man says that for him to come again to the home of childish souls would be wrong.

"For me it would be wrong. For me only. . ."

Because only those who had lost and mourned could come there.

"Mrs. Bathurst" is for the most part just an ordinary story, full of the maunderings of Pyecroft and the vulgar speech of British marines, their talk indeed being so long drawn out and utterly inept as to discourage many readers from finishing the tale. Yet few stories have been more talked over, because when you have read the last word you are left in a state of bewilderment as to what on earth it is all about. One critic, who confesses that he can make neither head nor tail of it, compares the later Kipling with the later James, and makes them literary partners in obscurity. But the mystery or nebulosity of a typical James story is wholly different from the opacity of "Mrs. Bathurst." In James you plunge into a fog. In Mrs. "Bathurst" you run up against a blank wall. In James there are many ways out, only you don't quite know which one to take. In "Mrs. Bathurst" you can't get out at all, for you are led into a *cul de sac,* a veritable *impasse.* And on the whole you resent it, for the mystery has to do with something that can not possibly be worth while. However, having read the story half a dozen times we offer the following solution for the benefit of the exasperated. Vickery, the warrant officer, had a wife in England, when in the course of his voyage he met Mrs. Bathurst in Auckland. He fell in love with her and his love developed into an infatuation; but he was not free to marry her and she did not let him know that she, in turn, loved him unreservedly. So he went away, eating his heart out and becoming morbid through perpetual brooding. Later, when in Cape Town, he visits a cheap show where there is a cinematograph. In one of its pictures he sees the arrival of a train at the Paddington Station in London, and among the figures emerging from the train, he recognizes the face and form of Mrs. Bathurst. Evidently then she had loved him all the time. More than that, she had even returned to England—for him. And it is only now that he learns it, as he has also learned that his own wife has died and that he is free. His brain, already unbalanced, is completely crazed, and he goes to the captain of his ship who recognizes that the man is for the time insane, and sends him on an expedition up the country so that he may pull himself together. But he is killed by lightning and does not return, so that he is officially recorded as a deserter.

This is the key to the story of Mrs. Bathurst. As we said, it is not worth while, even when explained. Yet nothing could so much prove the hold which Mr. Kipling has upon his readers as the fact that this halting, half finished, discrepant bit of writing has led thousands of persons to waste hours in speculating upon its possible implications and that the magazine in which it originally appeared became practically unattainable within ten days after its publication.

Harry Thurston Peck.

IV.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER'S "OLD GORGON GRAHAM."*

THE new letters of Mr. Lorimer's self-made pork packer are as amusing as the first. Old Graham's range is very limited, and the pattern of his letters very much alike. Each starts in with a definite comment on some particular point, an answer to a question, or a mention of some incident, then expands into general

* *Old Gorgon Graham.* More Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son. By George Horace Lorimer. Doubleday, Page and Company, New York, 1904.

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advice delivered in gusts of slang, hyperbole and stockyard metaphors, and leads off somewhere in the middle or toward the end into an illustrative anecdote about "Old Doc. Hoover," or Dickie Hodgkins, or some one else in the town where old Graham used to live. It was hard to see how he could go on in this vein through another volume without being a little wearisome, but as a matter of fact the second series is, if anything, the better of the two.

There is a temptation in reading these letters to skip some of the more sententious advice and find the anecdote. The anecdotes are almost always good, and they are told in a sort of whirl of words that prevents your stopping for a second. Then there are many passages in which John Graham lets himself go very much as Mr. White did in *What's the Matter With Kansas?* and with the same effect on the reader. These things are not only amusing in themselves, but they seem in character, and by this time we have a very definite idea of old Graham's character and expect him to act up to it. It is disappointing when he stops for pages at a time and hammers out epigrams of the kind that we see as "Uncle Eben's Sayings" in the humorous press, or as "Aphorisms" in the back part of a magazine.

> Look in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness. His tongue will tell you his experience. . . .
>
> No man really knows anything about women except a widower, and he forgets it when he gets ready to marry again. And no woman knows anything about men except a widow, and she's got to forget it before she's willing to marry again. . . .
>
> A good hot letter is always foolish, and you should never write a foolish thing if you can say it to the man instead, and never say it if you can forget it. The wisest man may make an ass of himself to-day, over to-day's provocation, but he won't to-morrow. Before being used, warm words should be run into the cooling-room until the animal heat is out of them. Of course there's no use in a fool's waiting, because there's no room in a small head in which to lose a grievance.

Not that these things are particularly bad, but old Graham would never have said them. He would not have toiled for conventional literary effects. When he is actually himself he snatches any word that comes handy and rushes along quite artlessly. At these times his style is like a man running for a train in a linen duster. He is inelegant, but he arrives. He is coarse, ungainly, wrong-headed and forcible, and now and then he writes with as much relish as if he were swearing. Then you see him as he is. Again, he will fall into mere funny column cheapness, or the usual literary thing. That is often the trouble with the style of writing that is called "breezy" and comes from the West. When the wind fails they use a bellows. What is spontaneous and therefore infectious they will reinforce by formulated exaggeration, stale slang and veteran comparisons that have done duty in a hundred jokes.

But taking him altogether, old Graham is a distinct character, and he is saying about the best there is to say for his type. He is not like Mr. Dooley—a mouthpiece for practical philosophy. He has not Mr. Dooley's wit, and he seldom approaches Mr. Dooley's common sense. His philosophy will often cut both ways. Turn his apothegms around and they may be asserted with equal emphasis and with equal truth. He is far more of a real man than Mr. Dooley. You think only of what Mr. Dooley says, but you often think of what old Graham is. Dooley satirises, but Graham himself is to some extent the satire. You cannot imagine Dooley, but you can see old Graham. You have met men who were something like him, but they were always more of a bore.

He is honest, narrow-minded, thick-skinned and shrewd, delighting as much in his limitations as in his abilities. His intelligence is like the headlight of a locomotive, shining only on the track. He has the great American joy of getting ahead, and the unconsciousness that there is anything else to think of. Education is the process of increasing the speed at which you get ahead.

> "For I believe we ought to teach a boy how to use his hands as well as his brain; that he ought to begin his history lessons in the present and work back to B. C. about the time he is ready to graduate; that he ought to know a good deal about the wheat belt before he begins loading up with the list of Patagonian products; that he ought to post up on Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and Thomas Edison first and save Rameses Second to while away the long winter evenings after

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business hours, because old Rameses is embalmed and guaranteed to keep anyway; that if he's inclined to be tonguey he ought to learn a living language or two which he can talk when a Dutch buyer pretends he doesn't understand English, before he tackles a dead one which in all probability he will only give a decent interment in his memory."

This is wholly in character and typical of that very abundant commodity which we call "practical Americanism." Not a drummer in the smoking compartment for whom it will not suffice; for "practically" education is to teach you how to do things, not how to feel. Tastes do not matter. As to poetry, old Graham would probably say in his opinion it didn't cut any ice. Music? Well, "Old Hundred" is good enough for him. And pictures he would have "no use for," unless they had "some kind of a story to them." Old Graham is an epitome of 'leading citizens," and is the best representative in current fiction of the class which, we believe, is technically known as the "plain people," though sometimes called "the backbone of this republic."

F. M. Colby.

V.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S "KWAIDAN."*

CHANGEABLENESS, or the ready adoption of foreign elements (though it is not always foolish), is one of the defects of our Japanese literature. Doubtless it means progress, when it is done wisely. Alas, we Japanese are not always discriminative and sensible. We soon forget the best old for even the gilded new. Our changefulness was the very reason that our literature did not reach to the greatest height. The early literature of the seventeenth century which was delicious, idylic and superstitious, was followed by the Chinese adoption—that is to say, the grotesque, unnatural, wordy literature. And the modern invasion of Western literature has made the Japanese turn to action and dialogue (the dialogue of American fiction!), which usually end as crudity. We look back to our old literature—as old as the seventeenth century—and dream its calmness and clear atmosphere.

**Kwaidan.* By Lafcadio Hearn, Boston; Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Happily Lafcadio Hearn (Yakumo Koizumi as a Japanese), has presented a revival of our old Japan in his new book *Kwaidan.* His voice is never loud, but impressive. It is nothing but a sure protest against our destruction of the peculiarity of thought and dream of the seventeenth century. *Kwaidan* is a collection of little sketches. From such a reason I—as a Japanese myself—welcome it, and dearly value it. And above everything I respect Hearn. He has written numbers of books, but I dare say there is no other book like *Kwaidan,* as an interpretation of our seventeenth century, especially our superstition and vision in the century. Japan was wholly poetry and dream in the seventeenth century when a cherry blossom turned to a butterfly and the wind was a harp. And the people believed in ghosts. Their faith was beautiful.

We are often told by foreigners that we do not know the true value of our own things. We were taught to prize Hokusai and Hiroshige, in art for example, by Professor Fennellosa and others. How often we were told that we should remain Japanese! To-day we are shown the grace and charm of our ghost stories by Hearn.

I like to vindicate him from the criticism that his writing is about one-third Japanese and two-thirds Hearn. Fortunately, his two-thirds Hearn is also Japanese. At least in *Kwaidan* he is a Jap through and through, in his writing and treatment. There is nothing foreign about the book. However, he used his own art to advantage in characterization and bringing clearness to the stories, which is an improvement. Improvement without loss of original character is always welcome. And his art is nothing but the best Japanese art. His grace of writing might be said to be the grace of Chomei Kamo (the author of the Hojoki) or the Lady Abutsu of the Izayoi uo Ki fame. And Hearn's simplicity and cleverness recall Akinari Ueda of the seventeenth century, whose ghost stories under the title of the "Stories of a Moon Night Under the Rain" is the Japanese classic. There is a remarkable resemblance between Ueda and Hearn. Perhaps I might go further and say that even their personalities resembled each other. Ueda always dimmed his own

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track. He called himself a "Quail" as he never stopped at one place. His despised things were, it was said, sake, tobacco, literary man and wealthy person. I sincerely wish that Hearn would translate or make his own version of his book which I mentioned above.

As a whole, Hearn's *Kwaidan* would not invite any suspicion if it claimed to be written by a Japanese. However, in the chapter of Horai or some others in his insect studies, he betrays his own origin. It is a rare treat for a Japanese living in America to see a Japanese book with the Japanese words correctly spelled. I noticed in the whole book only one place or two which were mistranslated.

Whenever I read Hearn's book I cannot help calling to mind our great story teller in the Tokyo entertainment house, Encho by name, who has been dead some years. His favourite story was the Botan Toro (the Peony Lantern). I dare say that Hearn took a suggestion from him when he wrote the same story for his previous book. Encho's style of telling things was delicious. He never hurried. His was just like Hearn's way. With his death the Japanese ceased to be told the sweet old stories. To-day, when our Japanese writers are after modernity, Hearn alone is weaving the stories and legends of old Japan. He may not be an interpreter of our Japan of the Meiji era, but he will be remembered, even among Japanese, as one who attempted to revive the old Japan.

Yone Noguchi.

VI.

ARTHUR MORRISON'S "THE GREEN DIAMOND." *

THE most objectionable feature of Mr. Arthur Morrison's *The Green Diamond* is one of those ridiculous American multi-millionaires whom one never meets save in Englishmen's novels. The way that Britons persist in clinging to this type is strange yet characteristic. English authors undoubtedly come in contact with a great many Americans of varied stations of life, and yet for the purpose of fiction they ignore entirely the obvious and go back to the tradition which was handed down to them from a former generation. Taking into consideration the fact that he is an Englishman, Mr. Morrison may be pardoned for the absurd and preposterous Lyman W. Merrick.

The Green Diamond. By Arthur Morrison. Boston. Messrs. L. C. Page & Company.

The Green Diamond starts out with as good a plot as a reader meets once in three months. It is the old stolen Indian jewel idea, but with some new variations. The jewel is the famous Eye of Goona, noted for its size, its colour, and for the strange history involving spoliation, murder, treachery, theft, and war that passed it from hand to hand until at last it rested in the possession of the Rajah of Goona. At the time of the great Durbar, in 1902, the Rajah, carrying with him his precious jewel, goes to Delhi to pay homage to the new Emperor of India, represented by the Viceroy. One night there is a disturbance and the rumour runs round through the camp that a thief has entered the Rajah's tent and has been cut down by the chief minister as he is crawling way. In the morning more is known. The thief is dead, he has been identified and the plunder clutched in his hand is at first thought to be the Eye of Goona, but is afterwards found to be a mere coloured crystal, whereas the famous jewel itself has utterly disappeared.

So far Mr. Morrison has worked along old and conventional lines. The originality in the story lies in the manner in which the jewel is conveyed to England and there traced. One of the conspirators responsible for the theft induces a young Englishman, who is returning to Southampton, to carry for him to London a case containing twelve magnums of rare Tokay. In one of the magnums, of course, is secreted the Eye of Goona. The conspirator, in order to allay any suspicions, describes the case as one that he has picked up at a low price and hopes to sell in London for eighty or one hundred pounds. On board the steamer the Englishman, Crook, makes the acquaintance of the preposterous American millionaire and the latter's daughter. The American evinces great curiosity about the magnums of Tokay, and finally makes an offer of two hundred pounds for the dozen. Crook demurs for a time, but at length, thinking that he is making a great bargain for the man who has entrusted the wine to his care, sells. With characteristic eccentricity the American no sooner

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reaches Southampton than he puts up the eleven bottles that have not been opened at public auction, where they are sold to various customers at an average of a few shillings each. The problem is obvious and the work of finding in which of the magnums the stone is concealed constitutes a story involving startling crimes and sensational situations. This story Mr. Morrison has worked out with considerable ingenuity.

Beverly Stark.

THE LOVE OF AZALEA*

By Onoto Watanna

IN THREE PARTS—PART III

CHAPTER XIV.

PATIENCE is not always an enduring virtue. That of Richard Verley had long since evaporated. Waiting, with a faith excelled only by that of the one in Japan, for word from his wife, his stay in America had become unbearable.

At first he had thought her failure to answer his letters due to mistakes she might make in addressing him. He recalled how, when teaching her to write his address, she had continually forgotten to put the name of the city or State. She was quite sure that everyone in the United States must know him. But as time passed, he knew this could not be the reason. His letters urging her to answer at once, and giving explicit instructions as to address, received no response. He thought of her condition and became alarmed.

When finally, refusing to wait longer, and leaving his duties unfinished, he took ship for Japan, he was in an agony of bewilderment and apprehension. If anything had happened to her! Illness, the possible premature birth of the child, when she would be too helpless and ill to write. How foolish he had been not to have arranged communication with her through a third party. And yet, who could he have called upon for such a service? He thought of her outcast position since becoming his wife! of the eccentric and stubborn fears that had impelled her to remain in Japan. And then an overwhelming sense of regret overpowered him, that he had left her at all. His place was by her side. His first duty belonged to her! There had been a flaw in his former reasoning. His service to the Master could have been better subserved than the way he had chosen.

So, with his mind sick with gloomy forebodings, his conscience and heart aching, Richard Verley returned to Japan. He hurried from Tokyo in a fever of impatience to the little town of Sanyo. The journey was interminable—intolerable! For the first time in his life the gentle-natured Richard Verley fretted and upbraided those who served him. The runners crept! Their vehicles were ancient and broken down. The conductors of the miserable trains were responsible for the creeping of the train. Some one was responsible! Everything was wrong! Most of his journey, besides, was made by the slow method of kurumma. Sometimes, unable to bear it, he would get out from the kurumma and plunge ahead himself on foot. Every step, every moment that brought him nearer to her, but added to his sick premonitions. All was not well with her! Something dire had overtaken her. He dared not imagine what that might be.

When he touched the town at last, he did not wait a minute, but without noticing the townspeople, who regarded him curiously, he hastened on toward where had stood his home.

The sight that met him when he reached the place staggered him. He looked about him dazed, as one who sees with unseeing eyes. He could not understand. Something was wrong with his

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sight—his head, he told himself. Where once had stood the little flower-embowered home, there was nothing but a heap of broken planks and débris, the melancholy débris of a fallen house.

Snow was falling slowly and turning to water as it fell. The trees were leafless. Where the sunny, flowering bushes had stood about the tiny cottage, there were only the black stalks standing up in barren nakedness. Desolation and tragedy seemed heavy everywhere. He blundered forward a few steps, his hand to his eyes.

"A mistake somewhere," he muttered, "I have lost my way. This is not the place—this is not—and yet!"

He uncovered his eyes and again cast them about, slowly. The surroundings were as familiar to him as the face of a mother, and over there, the length of an iris field away, there was the church—his church! He turned in its direction.

At the church door he fumbled with key to the lock. It turned easily enough, but when he pushed the door inward it did not move. Then he discovered the reason. The door was nailed to. Panic and frenzy swept over him in a flood. He began frantically pounding upon the door, shaking it by the handle, pushing against it with his shoulder, beating upon its panelling with his fists, and tearing at the hinges with his fingers. The blood was in his head. He could neither see nor hear. Only that sensation of horrible foreboding and certainty of disaster pervaded his whole being.

A temple bell began to tinkle, lazily, insistently. Small black birds, cawing as they flew, swept close over his head, hastening toward their night home in the woods. The rain descended heavily, noiselessly. The shadows darkened dully.

"What am I doing?" the minister suddenly asked himself, and paused in his efforts to break the church door. "She is not here! My fears are driving me mad. How do I know that harm has come to her? I must not trust to the phantoms of my imagination. God is good, good!" He walked out a few paces, thinking dazedly. Then with a sudden resolution to seek her in the village, he began to descend the hill. His step was more hopeful. He tried to keep up his courage, but as he made his way along his lips moved ceaselessly in prayer.

He went first of all to her step-mother's house. Here in the miserable, drizzling rain he stood outside the house, none bidding him enter in response to his knock. Yet all through the house he could hear the sounds of his coming announced.

A woman shrieked his name. Some one called back in a loud whisper which penetrated through the paper shoji walls:

"The Kirishitan!"

Then he heard the pattering of hurried steps and the jabbering of voices. Soon he was conscious of the fact that eyes were regarding him from a dozen of wall holes. He knocked again, louder, and one within, unseen, called in insolent tone:

"Begone! The curses of Shaka upon you!"

He told himself his ears deceived him. His knowledge of Japanese confused the language surely. He knocked again, and again, each time louder. Again the voice within:

"Who is it knocks?"

He spoke distinctly in pure Japanese. "I am Verley-sama, your daughter's husband. I have come to seek my wife."

There was silence, and then:

"We do not understand your language."

He repeated his words slowly, patiently, enunciating each Japasese syllable distinctly. But again came the reply:

"We do not understand."

He recognised now the voice. It was that of the step-mother of his wife, Madame Yamada. She had some reason for her lies. He was positive she understood his Japanese.

"My words are plain," he said. "I have come to seek my wife."

"She is not here." The voice was raised angrily now. "Seek elsewhere, foreign devil!"

He ignored the insult and persisted doggedly.

"Where shall I seek?"

Someone laughed jeeringly within, and then the taunting words floated out:

"Ask of the gods, priest of the evil one."

"I ask of you," he said hoarsely. "I shall not leave your house till you reply."

He heard the sound as of one moving with angry and impetuous haste within, pushing whatever stood in her path aside. Madame Yamada thrust aside the sliding shoji door and stood in the opening.

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Her words were mockingly sarcastic, ıd she bowed with extravagance.

"In what way can the humblest one rve the mightiest?"

"My wife?" he demanded. "Speak, oman, where is she!"

She smiled inscrutably, but as he went :arer to her the sneering lines about her ce deepened, revealing all her bitter destation of the Kirishitan.

"You will be punished if you have inıred her," he said.

"What will the wise and mighty Excelncy do?"

"I will have you arrested. You will be ɔrced to answer."

"So!"

She drew in her breath with the hissing ɔund peculiar to the Japanese. Then ıe drew the skirt of her kimona closely bout her, and turned to re-enter the ouse. He caught and held her by the leeve and then she stood still, her eyes alf closed.

"Answer me!" he cried.

"It is not I who am the keeper of the utcast. You come to the wrong house, ei-yo-gin. Seek elsewhere."

Still he held her, and she could not ree herself, though she made effort to do o. Thus held, in angry durance she tood.

"You are her mother-in-law. You :now where she is. I will not release you ill you speak."

"Go to Okido-sama, the Nakoda," she said sullenly.

"Okido-sama?"

"He knows!" said she.

He let her arm go and she, free, pushed the shoji viciously closed, attempting to crush his hand in the opening.

"Okido-sama!" he repeated thoughtfully, "Okido-sama, the Nakoda!"

CHAPTER XV.

Okido-sama, the Nakoda, was squatting comfortably upon his heels eating his warm rice and fish when Richard Verley came to his door. During the absence of the minister, Okido had apparently prospered. His house was new. His servants many and obsequious. The one who hastened to respond to the minister's knock did not recognise him in the darkened rainy evening. He perceived only a barbarian and, knowing his master's trade, saw in him a possible customer.

Verley was shown into the guest chamber. Shortly came Okido to the room, fat and oily, discreetly wiping the rice-crumbs from his thick lips with the back of his hands. He was bowing grotesquely at every step as he came toward the minister, but when he finally lifted his head and saw who his guest was, he gave such a startled jump that he fell in a heap on the floor, and there he remained, trembling with fright. Instantly Verley was convinced that the man knew all about his wife, her whereabouts, the horrible fate that must have befallen her.

"My wife! You know her whereabouts?"

"Your wife!" stammered the cringing Okido. "What was her august name, Excellency?"

"You know it. Answer at once."

"Excellency is honourably mistaken. I do not know the name of the exalted one's wife."

Verley, with no effort at gentleness, seized him by the shoulder of his hakama, and as he spoke shook the trembling wretch threateningly.

"You will answer my question. Understand."

The Nakoda began to whimper, drawing his sleeve across his eyes and furtively looking about for a means of escape.

He was poor man, very poor, harmless man. Surely Excellency would not hurt him.

"Quick. I am waiting."

"So many people I know," whimpered the Nakoda. "How I can remember one woman among them all."

"You do not need to remember. You already know of whom I speak."

"She was a tall woman with thin cheeks, yes?" he inquired with attempted smile.

The minister answered by tightening his grip upon the man's collar, and pushing his knuckles hard upon the neck. Okido shrunk fearfully from the large hand of the white man. He felt sure it would hurt hard. After a moment:

"She was fat—yes, surely fat!"

"That will do."

He slipped down to the minister's feet and beat his head, seeking to shake off that hand at his neck.

"Listen," said Richard Verley, "I will

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give you five minutes in which to answer. At the end of that time——"

"Excellency will not beat a poor man. Ah, surely not!"

"Excellency will kick the life out of you."

"No, no." Okido cast a fearful glance at the minister's boots. "I will speak truth. Surely!"

At those words, the minister for a moment forgot his caution, and slackened the tension at the man's neck. But in that moment Okido was free. He had slipped not only from the minister's grip, but had disappeared as if by magic through the wall against which he had crouched.

Richard Verley was alone. He strode from one to the other of the four walls of the shoji. He threw them all apart and penetrated into the interior apartments. The servants fled before him with the speed of wings and disappeared as silently and swiftly as their master. Suddenly he found himself on the door step. He went down slowly into the street.

Someone called his name. "Excellency! Master—sir!"

He turned quickly and saw the woman Natsu following him.

Her name burst in a cry from his lips, and he rushed toward her.

"Natsu! You! Your mistress—quick, how—where is she?"

Her eyes shifted from his face. She covered her own with her sleeve, and thus she stood, the picture of sorrow.

The minister stared at her, horrified. When he spoke his voice was strange.

"I understand," he said. "She is——"

And so she had died—his little, laughing Azalea, his beautiful child-wife, had died while he was away from her. He put out his hands blindly, as the inclination to faint overcame him. He hardly understood the words the woman spoke.

"Oh, master, master, master!"

But the woman's voice recalled him. He stared at her mechanically. Mechanically he spoke.

"I understand," he said. "She is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the woman, and shook her head. "No, no, not dead; better that than what is, O master—sir!"

"Not dead!" His hands unclinched. His fears had lent phantoms to his imagination. "Alive! Why, then all was well." His thought escaped his lips, ar the woman answered:

"Better death than sin, O master."

He could have laughed. What! W this servant of his trying to frighten hi with her old jealous tales of the i sincerity of his wife's conversion. T sins of Azalea were microscopic.

"Come, Natsu, let us go to her," I said impatiently. "Why do you look me in that way? Are you, too, seekin to hide her whereabouts from me?"

"No, master, but if I take you thithe you will curse me for my evil offices."

"I don't understand you, Natsu. Yo always were a mystery to me. But nov come. Where is she?"

"Oh, master, seek her not!"

As he still sought to draw her alon with him, she slipped down to his feet an stayed his progress with her head there

"Why do you seek to deceive m Natsu? What is the matter with you Why do you act thus? What has hap pened to my wife? Speak!"

Still kneeling, with her head at his feet she answered:

"She has become wife to Matsuda Is ami, Oh, Highness."

As he did not speak or seem to compre hend her words, she repeated them. And then, as still he made no sound, she said

"Isami is richest man in Sanyo. Wha is there he connot buy?"

She was siezed by the shoulders in savage grip. Her very teeth smote to gether with the shock of his grasp.

"You lie!" he cried. "You lie! Vile thing, you lie, I say!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the evening of the return of Richard Verley to Sanyo. Azalea was sitting passively under the hands of the maid, Natsu, having her shining black hair brushed and twisted into the elaborate mode approved by Matsuda. Word had come into the room where thus far she had been kept a prisoner, ordering her to prepare for the wedding ceremony. Whatever her inward emotions, now as she sat under the hands of the woman, she showed only a stoical calm. That nameless antagonism which had always existed between these two had become a deeper thing during these days in the house of Matsuda. Instinctively

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zalea knew the woman for an enemy, ıd accordingly feared and hated her. hough forced to submit to the woman's tendance, yet she would not condescend word either of entreaty or command. latsuda held her destiny in his hand. e could rob her of her child. He had ept his word and taught her lips to ame themselves to meeker words. But e woman—Natsu-san—to her at least ıe need not kneel. Now on this day ; Natsu dressed her mistress, Azalea ıowed no interest in the other's evident gitation, despite the fact that the woman ıowed unusual signs of being discom- ɔsed. Finally as the silence became un- arable to her, the woman broke it with range words:

"Mistress," she said, "the man Okido waiting below in the guest room."

Azalea inclined her head, but made no ımment. Okido, like all other people, as of no interest to her. The woman ıwered her voice.

"I have taken a patch from your floor, ıistress. If you will put your head to you will hear what he has to say to ıe master."

Azalea's glittering eyes looked at the atch uplifted by the woman. Still she emained silent.

The woman's insidious voice continued arefully:

"Mistress, you have heard the ancient aying of the samurai: 'To die with onour when one can no longer live with onour.'"

The girl beneath her hands did not tir, nor did she deign to turn her head ɔ where the woman pointed. The shorter word of the samurai was set close to he patch. It was covered with a white loth—the cloth of honourable death. The woman had provided the wife of the white priest with a means of escape. Yet he had judged wrongly. Azalea was not nerely the daughter of samurai. She vas the wife of a Christian. Life could ıot be taken so easily as the woman sup- ɔosed. The code of the samurai pointed ɔut that death was better than dishonour. The new religion said nothing on this natter. It simply forbade the suicide.

The woman, her task completed, arose ınd brought a mirror to Azalea, who, still silent, stared fixedly and unseeingly ıt the reflected face. She started some- what as the maid's lips touched her ears, and in the glass she saw the fat red face close to her own.

"Mistress, to-day if you listen you will learn the full extent of your folly and the dupe you have been to us all."

The mirror slipped from Azalea's hands. She reached them up suddenly and pushed them against the face of the maid. Her nails sank into the puffed fatness of the woman's cheeks.

"Your touch offends me," she said. "Come not so near, low-born one."

With a cry of rage the woman sprang back, clasping her hands over her hurt cheeks. Then, muttering, she shuffled toward the doors. There she paused vindictively.

"You are a peacock now, Madame Azalea, but your feathers will look less proud and pretty when you learn what they have cost you. You disdained the servant of the white Highness, and taught him to do likewise. But the lowly one was in his service long before his eyes desired you. Even a snake crawling in the grass may strike a revenge. There is nothing too small or lowly to bite."

Azalea did not move or deign to turn her head, even after the woman had gone, and she could hear her glide along the hall. For a long time she sat in silence. Once she looked with fearful stealth at the opening in the floor, but she did not look for long. There was nothing further for her to hear, she told herself. Who knew already better than herself the extent of her debasement?

CHAPTER XVII.

Okido bowed to the floor before the illustrious Matsuda Isami. Knowing well the nature and temper of his employer, he did not waste much time upon courtesies, but went briefly to the object of his visit.

"He has returned," he said.

Matsuda seized Okido by the shoulders, hurting him with the grip of his fingers.

"What is that you say?"

"The white beast——"

"Ah!" Matsuda's grasp relaxed. He took several strides across the room, then stopped before an opened shoji and drummed upon the panelling.

"Well, then—what of that?" he asked.

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Okido came to his elbow and whispered agitatively:

"But she will see him. It cannot be helped."

Matsuda laughed diabolically.

"I have complete command over her eyes, my good Okido. Have you not yet observed how she is conquered?"

Okido shook his head dubiously.

"But should Mr. Beast come in person to your house?"

"We have means of dealing with barbarous dogs," quoth Matsuda contemptuously, "and the police of this town respect the authority of their masters."

"But the letters, most Exalted? He will make inquiry."

"Pah! What of it?" Will it be the first time that mail has been lost between this country and America?"

"—— so much mail." Okido moved uneasily. "Excellency, I am afraid of the heavy boot of the barbarian. It was I who kept back for you the letters from the barbarian to the woman. It is said his government is powerful—revengeful. Let me beseeech you to give me a sufficient sum to get swiftly away."

"On the contrary. You must stay here and help me. Besides, you forget the woman Natsu was the one who held the letters. They should weight her sleeves, not yours."

"Yet, good Excellency, I was the carrier, and——"

"You delivered the letters?"

"Not to the one to whom they were addressed, but to the servant of the foreign devil, who, Exalted, declares she gave them to you."

Matsuda laughed unpleasantly.

"Huh! Then it is my sleeves which are weighted!"

In the room above the speakers the woman Azalea watched over the open patch in the floor. Her face beneath the heavy rouge plastered lately upon it by the woman Natsu-san was a ghastly white. Her bosom was heaving with her quick breathing, her glittering eyes were horrible to look upin. She had heard and understood every word of the dialogue, and now she crouched in the attitude of a feline about to spring, looking down with dreadful eyes upon the head of that one below. Yet in this moment of frenzy Azalea did not scream or faint. Now the strength of her samurai ancestors surged upward through her vein tingling her whole being. Everythi else was blotted out—forgotten. S obeyed only the hereditary instinct of t samurai—an instinct for revenge. Wh she could move from her crouching po tion by the opening, she arose with sile swiftness. She stood straight and sti only her eyes slowly travelling about t room as though seeking some object.

Suddenly she found it—the swor Her small hands gripped its blade a felt its keenness. Then she hid it in t folds of her kimona, and, her colourle lips close pressed together, she pass soundlessly from the room down the l tle flight of steps and through the ha Suddenly and almost soundlessly s pushed aside the shoji of the ozashisl Now she stood between the opening, h eyes upon the startled ones of Matsu Isami.

In a flash he understood that someho she had heard and knew now the trut His servants had grown careless. Sl had escaped from the trap he had set f her. Vengeance was written in eve line of her rigid form. He could almo see the twitching of her fingers upon tl concealed weapon in her sleeve. With cunning worthy of the man he advance a step toward her, hoping in this wa to precipitate her attack, and when sl should spring upon him he would tr her. He said as he advanced:

"Little dove, you look pale to-day- why——"

As the sword flashed upward he dashe to one side and then slipped under i guard. His heavy hands locked t gether descended crushingly upon he head. She threw back her arms, th sword slipping from her hand. The she fell backward.

Across her fallen body Matsuda Isam and Okido stared at each other. The la ter was shivering as though afflicted wit ague. He kept repeating over and ove between his chattering teeth: "Shaka Shaka! Shaka!"

"Do not speak so loud," hoarsely com manded the other, "or, by all the gods, will send you to join her."

The little Nakoda shrank and shivered beat his head upon the floor.

Matsuda strode to the dividing doors He called the woman Natsu-san as h clapped his hands. She came hurrying

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along the hall and stood open-mouthed on the threshold, looking in on that outstretched form. Her eyes lifted in question to the man Matsuda.

"Hear me," he whispered hoarsely. "The woman has fallen in some swoon. We will tie her devil offspring to her back and carry her up to the place where she belongs. Give me your aid, good Natsu, and I will marry you instead."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Save for the moving of the trees in the early winter air, there was only silence on the hill, where stood the little mission house, but a ghostly moon pushed its rays through the boughs of the trees, glistened on the panes of the church and silvered the interior.

The rows of dark pews shone up stiffly in the moonlit church, and a great white beam glimmered across the pulpit, shaped as a cross.

Azalea crawled on her hands and knees up one of the aisles of the church. She was moaning to herself as she made her painful journey along.

"—to touch his God!" she said, "for even the evil are forgiven."

Now she was before the little pulpit, her weak hands upon it. She sighed at its contact, and a feeling of intense calm and rest seemed to flood her being, but she could not support herself against the pulpit structure, even upon her knees, so weak was she and so nauseating the pain in her head. Gradually she sank downward, lower and lower, till her face touched the floor. Then she spread out her arms, and lay very still, face downward.

It was past midnight when Richard Verley came back to the door of the little mission house. His old-time beggar protégé Gonji accompanied him. From the boy the minister had learned much—all, indeed—concerning his wife. He knew now what had befallen her so soon after the birth of her child; her homeless condition, her vain efforts to obtain work, her wanderings and terrible privations, and then the gossip of the town. People whispered that as a wraith she had returned to Sanyo and had passed as a shadow into the house of Matsuda Isami. The feelings of the husband can be imagined. Such was the temperament of Richard Verley that, even with the knowledge in his mind of her probable relations to the man Isami, there was no thought of blame for her in his heart. Indeed, the strongest emotion that swayed him was remorse of the deepest and bitterest. He should never have left her. He should have either forced her to accompany him or have remained in Japan with her.

His first impulse now was that of the man-brute, the desire to kill with his own hands the one who had injured him and his so terribly. But a calmer, higher instinct triumphed—the instinct of the man of strong spirituality to turn to that One who had never failed him in time of stress. Something seemed to force his footsteps toward his little house of prayer. So dazed and numb was the condition of his mind at this time, however, that he did not even notice when he came to the door of the church that it was no longer nailed to and boarded up.

Richard Verley entered the church alone. The boy was afraid to enter. He did not know what evil spirit might be lurking in the night within the white priest's temple. He stretched himself out on the doorstep of the church and went to sleep there.

It was very dark within now, for the moon was gone. For a moment the minister paused irresolute. Then his hand touched the side of a seat. He sat down mechanically. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and tried to pray, but his prayer was wordless. For how long he sat thus he could not have told. It might have been the length of half the night, for when he uncovered his eyes again things seemed changed about him. The faint glimmer of the dawn lent its first grey light. He looked about him—at the melancholy church interior, his eyes travelling slowly and painfully over the dusty pews and then upward toward the little pulpit cross where he had spoken so often. A patch of colour caught his eyes and held them. He thought he dreamed and turned his glance away, but, fascinated, his eyes came back to that bit of colour there at the foot of the pulpit.

He started up with a loud cry. A moment only, and he was beside her, his trembling hands touching upon her. Something stirred upon her back and he saw the round head of the baby. Its

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eyes were wide open now and looking at him with interest. Like most Japanese babies, it was a grave, mute little mite, but its eyes were large and, like his own mother's, blue in colour. He knew it for his own child, though he could not see the face of the mother who lay so very still. Some blessed instinct guided his staggering feet to the door. He aroused the sleeping Gonji, and put into his arms the child. Then he went back into the church.

She had told him in those other days, so many times, that his voice would waken her from the very sleep of death. When her eyes looked up into his face she would not close them though they ached with weariness. She even smiled at his broken repetitions of her name.

"I do not know how it is you are here," he said, "but here you are—in my arms, my wife, and it is enough."

Her voice was weak, but inexpressibly sweet.

"It is enough," she said.

[THE END.]

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton and Company:

"Ask Mamma," or "The Richest Commoner in England." By R. S. Suretees.

A new edition founded on the one published by Bradbury and Evans in 1858. There are sixty-nine woodcuts by John Leech and thirteen coloured illustrations.

American Book Company:

King Henry the Fifth.

Romeo and Juliet.

King Richard the third.

This series of Shakespeare's plays is edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe, formerly head master of the High School at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Gateway Series of English Texts. General Editor. Henry Van Dyke.

Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. Edited by C. T. Winchester, L.H.D.

Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by George Edward Woodberry.

Macbeth. Edited by Thomas Marc Parrot, Ph.D.

Milton's Minor Poems. Edited by Mary A. Jordan, A.M.

The above Gateway Series has a twofold purpose; first, to give the English texts required for entrance to college in a form which shall make them clear to those who are beginning the study of literature, and, second, to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination.

Elementary Grammar. By William H. Maxwell.

A brief but comprehensive book, which presents as much of the science of grammar with its applications as is taught in primary and grammar schools.

Historical and Biographical Narratives. By Isabel R. Wallach.

The latest addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings contains sixty-five sketches of the prominent characters of history, from Egypt, China, and India, through Grecian and Roman times, to mediæval and modern Europe. The stories are briefly told.

College Entrance Requirements in English—1906-1908.

From the series of Eclectic English Classics have been gathered together in this volume the five literary works prescribed for careful study of subject matter, form, and structure by the leading colleges of the country, in their entrance examination requirements of the years 1906-1908.

Abraham Lincoln. By James Baldwin.

The life of Lincoln is here retold in a manner comprehensive to young readers. Considerable space is given to Lincoln's boyhood, in order to bring out the conditions of pioneer life in the West. The volume is dedicated "To the Schoolboys of America."

First Latin Writer. By Mather A. Abbott.

The thirty-seven lessons contained in this book furnish an introduction to the

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study of Latin composition, which is suitable for students who have completed some first year Latin book.

Nature Study with Common Things. By M. H. Carter.

The object of this book is to teach young pupils how to observe nature. The subjects of the lessons are fruits and vegetables, which can be readily and economically obtained for study.

Studies in English for Evening Schools.

Arithmetic for Evening Schools.

Reading and Language Lessons for Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor.

This series is the result of several years' experience by the author of teaching in evening schools, and is adapted to meet the peculiar needs and interests of students in those schools.

Century Company:

Stories of Brave Dogs. Edited by M. H. Carter.

The fourth in a series of six volumes which contain collections of animal stories retold from the "St. Nicholas Magazine." Among the writers of the dog stories are Richard Watson Gilder, Frank Stockton, Dorothea Lummis, Carolyn Wells, and Hezekiah Butterworth.

The American Constitutional System. By Westel Woodbury Willoughby.

This volume is the introduction to the study of the American States, a series which will be complete in eight volumes, of which Professor Willoughby, of the Johns Hopkins University, is the editor.

Cooke (Robert Grier).

The Roosevelt Doctrine. Compiled by E. E. Garrison.

Personal utterances of the President on various matters of vital interest. The compiler of the book is a graduate of Yale University, and was one of the Rough Riders. A portion of Dr. Albert Shaw's Introduction to the Published Speeches is reprinted here.

Crowell and Company:

The Tragedie of Macbeth. By William Shakespeare.

Edited, with Notes, Introduction Glossary, List of Variorum Readings, and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

The fifth play to be issued in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare. It is said that this edition is the first to return to the original First Folio, which was published just after Shakespeare's death.

Dillingham:

Rena's Experiment. By Mary J. Holmes.

There is a period in almost every woman's life when she likes to read Mary J. Holmes's novels, and the young women who have arrived at that stage in their reading will be glad to know that Rena's Experiment is in the same happy vein as the other novels by Mrs. Holmes. It is a New England story of two girls, two men, and a will, with the inevitable happy ending.

I'm from Missouri. By Hugh McHugh.

A new "John Henry" book, by George V. Hobart. Like its predecessor, its slang is up to date, and it has as many laughs as it has pages, that is, for those readers who enjoy this sort of humor.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Old Voices. By Howard Weeden.

It is said that Miss Weeden has devoted two years to the preparation of this volume of poems. Like her other books, "Songs of the Old South" and "Bandanna Ballads," these verses depict the old-time negro. The volume is elaborately illustrated with portraits by the author, and border decorations by Cora Parker, and is dedicated appropriately to Joel Chandler Harris.

The World's Work.

A library edition of the St. Louis Fair Number of the "World's Work," which excels all the other magazines in the presentation of the St. Louis Exposition.

Old Gorgon Graham. By George Horace Lorimer.

Pretty nearly everybody will want to read this book, which contains more letters from a self-made merchant to his son. These letters are so essentially American and so full of humor that their success is well deserved. The book is noticed elsewhere in the present issue.

Germany. By Wolf von Schierbrand.

This book first appeared in November, 1902, and, according to the preface, the facts contained herein are largely derived from what the writer has personally seen and heard during his stay in Germany.

Dutton and Company:

Robert Browning. By Edward Dowden.

Dowden's life of Browning belongs to the Temple Biographies, imported, of which series Dugald Macfayden is the editor. "An attempt is made," says Mr. Dowden, "to tell the story of Browning's life, including, as part of it, a notice of his books, which may be regarded as the chief of his 'acts and all that he did.'"

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Evening Post Job Printing House:

Horace. His Life, Friendships, and Philosophy, as Told by Himself in Unrhymed Metrical Translation, with the Latin Text, and appropriate Illustrations from his Works. Including Views of Authorities on Rhyming, and other Translation Methods, with Notes, Comments, and Examples. By Clarence Cary. (Privately Printed.)

Readers of THE BOOKMAN are referred to a notice of this work in THE BOOKMAN'S Chronicle and Comment for September. A review will appear in a later number.

Fenno and Company:

Balthazar the Magus. By A. Van der Naillen.

A sequel to "On the Heights of Himalay" and "In the Sanctuary," all three of which are supposed to combine religion with science.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Blue Grass Cook Book. Compiled by Minnie C. Fox. With an Introduction by John Fox, Jr.

Persons who enjoy Southern cooking and Southern dishes will do well to get this cook book and try some of the appetising looking recipes which it contains.

The Fusser's Book. Rules by Anna Archibald Georgina Jones. Pictures by Florence Wyman.

There are forty rules in this "golden book of fussing," and they are summed up in the introduction as follows: "To rejoice in life because it gives you the chance to fuss, and to laugh, and to study the moon; to be satisfied with your natural gifts in this direction, but not content till you have made the most of them; to despise nothing but rudeness and cautionness, and to fear nothing but bungling; to be governed by policy rather than by instinctive admiration; to covet nothing that is your neighbours except that which you want and he has; to think seldom of your failures, often of your successes, and to spend as much time as you deem wise in a feminine atmosphere."

Babes in Toyland. By Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin.

An attractive edition of the popular "Babes," with pictures in colour by Ethel Franklin Betts.

Misrepresentative Men. By Harry Graham. ("Col. D. Streamer.")

Mr. Graham's title and verses are exceedingly clever, and Mr. Strothman's illustrations add to their cleverness. The men misrepresented are Mr. Roosevelt, Bacon, Adam, Paderewski, William Tell, Diogenes, Sir Thomas Lipton, Marat, Ananias, Nero. In a few graceful verses Mr. Graham dedicates the little volume to Ethel Barrymore.

Harper Brothers:

Josephine. By Ellen Douglas Deland.

A story for young people. Josephine and Georgiana (Jo and Georgie) come from Seattle to visit their father's relatives in Massachusetts and the story deals with their experiences with their New England uncle and cousins.

A Ladder of Swords. By Sir Gilbert Parker.

Sir Gilbert Parker's first novel since "The Right of Way." It is a love story of the days of Queen Elizabeth. A review appears elsewhere in the present number.

Jess & Co. By J. J. Bell.

A new story by the author of "Wee Macgregor." Jess is an Irishwoman, and Irish dialect takes the place of Scotch. The book is noticed elsewhere in the present number.

Vergilius. By Irving Bacheller.

In his new book, a romance of Rome at the time of the coming of Christ, Mr. Bacheller proves his versatility as a novel writer. Vergilius, the hero, is as far removed from Eben Holden of the "north country" as the periods in which they both were supposed to live. As a background to the love story of the two young Roman patricians, Mr. Bacheller pictures the reign of Augustus and of Herod. The September BOOKMAN presented a hitherto unpublished portrait of the author, with an illustration showing the "den" in which he does his work. A review appears in this number.

Holt and Company:

The Pursuit of Phyllis. By John Harwood Bacon.

A bright and entertaining story of up-to-date men and women. Tom, the hero, is an author, and on the verge of a collapse when his physician urges him to take a trip. It is while in pursuit of health that he finds Phyllis and happiness.

Fergy the Guide. By H. S. Canfield.

Mr. Canfield boldly asserts, or his publishers assert for him, that his book contains "moral and instructive lies about beasts, birds, and fishes, that, while they do not stretch the credulity much harder than some of the serious stories of animal intelligence, have a greater freedom and *abandon*." Fergy himself is quite a

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character, and may find himself before long classified with some of the other quaint characters who have helped to make a certain class of fiction popular.

Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More.

Most of the essays in this volume were written for magazines for the daily press, and they touch upon Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson, Carlyle, Arthur Symons, Tolstoy, and the Religious Ground of Humanitarianism.

The Master's Violin. By Myrtle Reed.

A love story which will appeal to the admirers of Miss Reed's "Love Letters of a Musician" and "Lavender and Old Lace." There is a certain delicate charm about Miss Reed's books which is very attractive, and in the present story it is especially in evidence.

Early Hebrew Story. By John P. Peters, D.D.

The lectures in this book were delivered by the rector of St. Michael's Church, New York, before the Bangor Theological Seminary, in November, of last year. They deal with matters of interest to students of early Biblical history.

Up Through Childhood. By George Allen Hubbell, Ph.D.

A book intended for parents and teachers, as it presents a study of some principles of education in relation to faith and conduct. The author is vice-president of Berea College.

The South American Republics. By Thomas C. Dawson. Part II.

A new volume in the series of "Story of the Nations," which series presents in narrative from the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. The present volume deals with Peru, Chile, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venzeuela, Colombia, and Panama, and is from the pen of the American Minister to Santo Domingo.

The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese. Translated from Etienne Dumont's "Souvenir sur Mirabeau." By Lady Seymour.

This work, which is an important addition to the literature of the French Revolution, has never before been translated into English. The illustrations include portraits of Mirabeau, Etienne Dumont, Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, Clavière, Prince Talleyrand, Brissot, Madame Roland, and General Domouriez.

Macmillan Company:

Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen.

A new volume in the English Men of Letters series. It is divided as follows: Life, The World, Man, and The State. Sir Leslie Stephen wrote this book during the last months of his life, and his friend, F. W. Maitland, prepared it for publication.

Chinese Made Easy. By Walter Brooks Brouner, A.B., M.D., and Fung Yuet Mow. With an Introduction by Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D.

Professor Brunner, of Columbia University, and Fung Yuet Mow, Chinese Missionary in the City of New York, have spent several years on this work in the hope that it will stimulate in the student a thirst for knowledge of things Chinese. They have in preparation another work for the advanced Chinese student.

Rosetti. By Arthur C. Benson.

A life of Dante Charles Rosetti which belongs to the English Men of Letters series. This series is edited by John Morley. A notice of the book will appear next month.

Macaulay's Poems. Edited by Franklin T. Baker, A.M.

The Heroes of Greek Fairy Tales for My Children. By Charles Kingsley. Edited by Charles A. McMurry.

These little books belong to the Pocket American and English Classics, and are edited for school purposes. They appear in uniform binding.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson. Litt. D. Volume IV. N-R.

Chief in importance in this fourth volume are the new biographies of the great British painters, Reynolds, Romney, Rossetti, and Russell. Mr. Frederic Harrison has written the article on Ruskin, and Mr. Herbert Cook on Titian.

Scribner's Sons:

The Last Hope. By Henry Seton Merriman.

This story, which deals with an attempt upon the French throne during the Presidency of the man who afterward became Napoleon III, was completed some months before the death of the author. The disappearance of the son of Louis XVI is connected with a mysterious French waif who at the time of Dauphin's escape had been picked up off the coast of France. Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The United States with an Excursion into Mexico. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

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This is the third revised edition. It contains twenty-five maps and thirty-five plans. An article on the Baedeker Guide-Books appeared in THE BOOKMAN for June.

Titian. By Georg Gronau.

A book which first appeared in the German edition four years ago. Mr. Gronau's biography is based upon the information contained in Crowe and Cavalcaselle's work in two volumes. The list of pictures given in this English edition is new. (Imported.)

Taylor and Company:

Christian Science. By Mary Platt Parmele.

An essay, by the author of The Kingdom of the Invisible, in which the author asks and answers two questions: "Is it Christian?" and "Is it Scientific?"

Boston, Mass.

Lee and Shepard:

American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The "strenuous" side of Mr. Roosevelt's life, as hunter, ranchman, and Rough Rider, is brought out strongly here in this life of him written for the edification of boy readers.

The Boy Courier of Napoleon. By William C. Sprague.

A book for boys. The hero is a French drummer boy who serves as a valet to Napoleon. He goes to Louisiana in search of his father, and experiences many thrilling adventures.

Little, Brown and Company:

Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop. By Anne Warner.

Anne Warner, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Ellis French, first attracted attention through her short story, "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," which appeared in the Century for November, 1903. The present volume contains new material, although the first few chapters appeared in the Century. Miss Clegg is what reviewers are fond of calling a "creation."

Lothrop Publishing Company:

The Loves of Edwy. By Rose Cecil O'Neill.

The love story of three persons, Jane, Juggs, the artist, and Edwy, who gives his name to the book. The author is particularly well known as an illustrator, and her drawings in this book are especially attractive. About a year ago she became the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, author of The Seeker.

Page and Company:

The Green Diamond. By Arthur Morrison.

A new detective story by the author of The Red Triangle. The scene is India and the time the present. The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

The Cathedrals of Southern France. By Francis Miltoun.

An attractive volume, with ninety illustrations, plans, and diagrams by Blanche McManus. Mr. Miltoun will be recalled as the author of Dicken's London. The Cathedrals of England will follow the present volume.

Among English Inns. By Josephine Tozier.

A new book in the Little Pilgrimage series. In her preface, the author says that the work was undertaken at the request of her friends, "who lamented that they had seen nothing of rural England, because they needed a guide to lead them to interesting places and characteristics." Miss Tozier has collected the facts that are not found in the originary guide books.

Pilgrim Press:

The Spirit Christlike. By Charles S. Macfarland.

Essays written as an aid to the leading of a Christian life. The author is in charge of the Maplewood Congregational Church at Malden, Massachusetts.

Turner and Company:

Dennis McGrath—Autocrat. By Edward Porter.

A collection of "horseless tales," in which Dennis McGrath is promoted from a steam roller to the position of chauffeur to Amos Small, "asphalt king." "The best thing to kill the blue-devils and to brace a fellow up is a little business-like idiocy," says Mr. Small. And Mr. Porter adds: "If the owner of horse-sense is so honest in his antic-disposition to increase the gaiety of a nation, why should the writer apologise for this show of horseless nonsense?"

Baltimore, Md.

Meushaw (Levi Griffin):

The Era of Greed and Graft. Brawn vs. Brain. By Levi Griffin Meushaw.

A paper covered book, printed and published by the author himself, and dedicated to the American people, "the true toilers of the world." The book is divided into three parts: "A Brief Review of the Present Industrial Conditions," "A Short Sum-

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nary of the Present Social Conditions," and "A Brief Review of the Present Political Conditions."

Berkeley, Cal.

the Sign of the Live-Oak:

Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler.

A collection of child poems.

Columbus, O.

io State Archaeological and Historical Society:

History of George Rogers Clark's Conquest of the Illinois and the Wabash Towns, 1778 and 1779. By Consul Wilshire Butterfield.

The late Mr. Butterfield spent many years in collecting the material for this history, and a biographical sketch of the author prefaces the history.

Chicago.

lburn Publishing Company:

Happy Tho' Broke. By Clifton Arey Fox.

The title at least will appeal to a number of readers. The story itself, told in a slangy manner, relates the experiences of "one who left his happy home to play a lone hand in the game of life."

onohue and Company:

An Unconditional Surrender. By Kittie Skidmore Cowen.

A novel of the Civil War period, with the scenes laid in Tennessee.

aird and Lee:

Glimpses of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and City of St. Louis.

A little book which contains thirty-two colourgraph views and one hundred and sixty-eight copper plate scenes of the St. Louis Exposition. Under each picture may be found a description of the subject. Turk. By Opie Read.

The freckled-face "Turk" lived in Kentucky in the days of the Old South. Left an orphan, he worked hard in the tobacco-fields during the day, and acquired an education in his garret at night. Nan, the daughter of his master, figures as the heroine.

Philadelphia.

ippincott Company:

The Early Christian Martyrs and Their Persecutions. By Reverend J. Herkless, D.D.

A new volume in the Temple Series of Bible characters and scripture handbooks. (Imported.)

Nashville, Tenn.

Brandon Printing Company:

The Official and Statistical Register of the State of Mississippi. 1904. Edited and Compiled by Dunbar Rowland.

San Francisco.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Jingles from the Far West. By M. A. Bowcher. Illustrated by Mae Smith.

A book of rhymes for the very little ones. The illustrations are in colour.

Spartanburg, S. C.

Waddell and Band:

Gleams of Truth. By Mrs. Julia Aldrich Baker.

A collection of verse by a Southern woman.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order to demand as sold between July and August, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of Gold. Milward. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Seeker. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

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Baltimore, Md.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Transgression of Andrew Vane. Carryl. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Nancy Starr. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. A Double Garden. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40 net.
5. A. E. Z. of Metrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00, net.
6. The Challoners. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Denver, Colo.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Japan. Browne. (Dana Estes.) $2.5(
6. The Double Garden Maeterlinck (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.00.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.
5. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Pub lishing Co.) $1.50.
6. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner. $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century Co. $1.50.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin (Century Co.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Watchers of the Trails. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Evelyn Bird. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.

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Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00
The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.
The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.19.
The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.19.
The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.19.
The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.19.
The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.19.

Omaha, Neb.

The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Foolish Dictionary. Gideon Wurdz. (Robinson Luce Co.) $1.50.
5. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Second Mrs. Jim. Conrad. (Page.) $1.00.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Light of the Star. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. The Motor Pirate. Paternoster. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In Search of the Unknown. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Seeker. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
2. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.)
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.)
4. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.)
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.)
6. Watchers of the Trails. Roberts. (Page.)

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Light of the Star. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Double Garden. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50 net.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lure of Gold. Millard. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. I'm from Missouri. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75 cents.
3. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp, Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (McLeod & Allen.) 25 cents.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. He that Eateth Bread with Me. Keays. (Musson Book Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

Tucson, Ariz.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michels (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClu Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmilla $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harpe $1.50.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harpe $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merril $1.00.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmilla $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michels (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentan $1.25 net.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Ma millan.) $1.00, net.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merril $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillo (Century Co.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Ma millan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelsc (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwi (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClur Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamso (Holt.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selli books are selected according to the followi system:

				POINT
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	
"	"	2d	"	"
"	"	34	"	"
"	"	4th	"	"
"	"	5th	"	"
"	"	6th	"	"

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the si books which have sold best in the order demand during the month are:

	POINT
1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	20
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	15
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	10
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50	9
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50	6
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50	6

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